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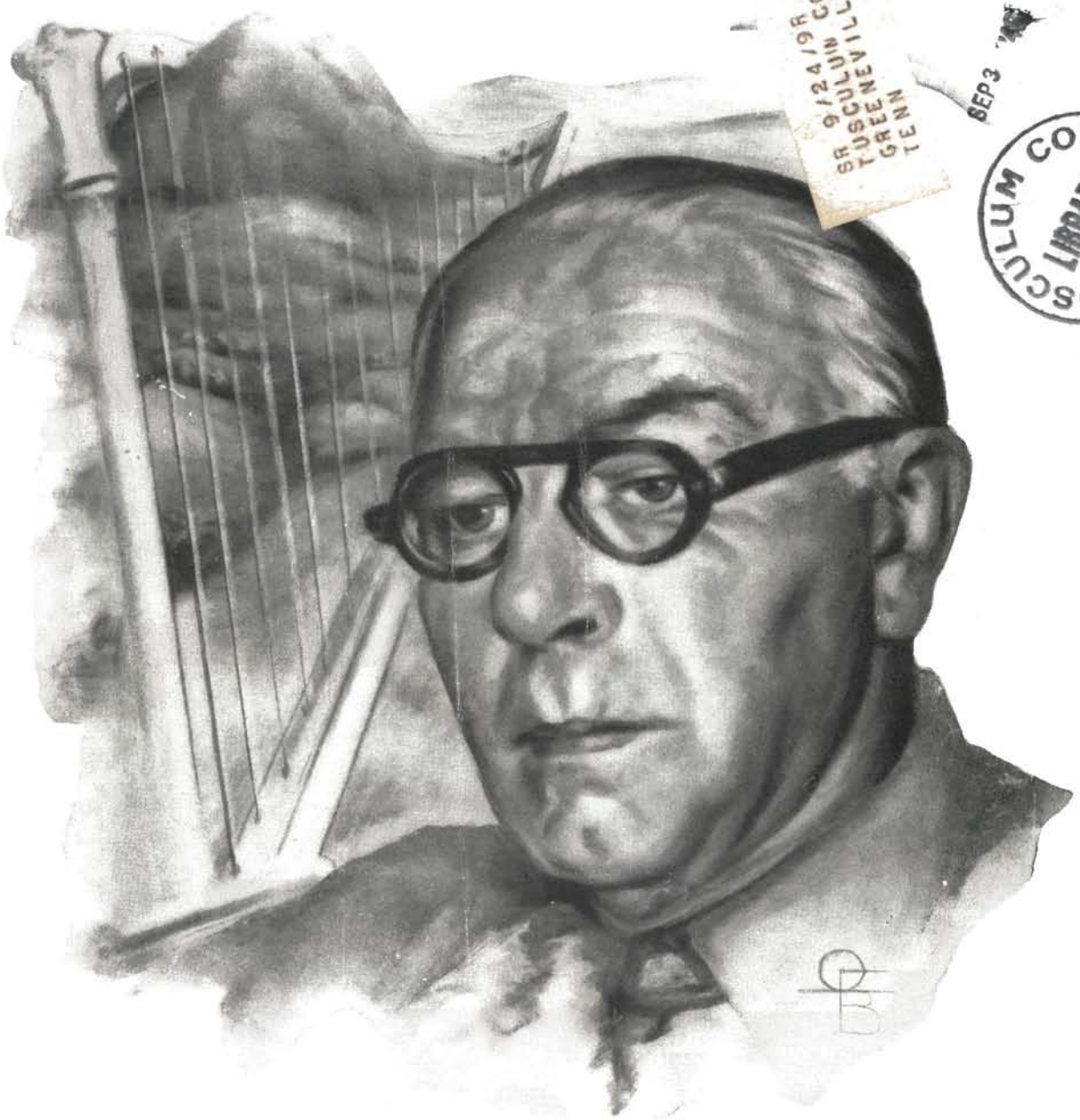

Hervey Allen, author of "Toward the Morning." *(See page 11)*

Reading, 'Riting, and Russia

A Literary Tour through Three Slavic Nations

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August 28, 1948

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Amy Loveman says that

NO HIGHWAY

by

NEVIL SHUTE

is "compact, taut, and with the ring of authenticity in its scientific embroidery . . ."

And she adds that "the reader catches the excitement of its actors as they await the testing of a scientist's prediction that certain great trans-Atlantic planes will break up . . . after a given number of hours in the air . . ."

The novel, she concludes, has "charm as well as tension."

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TRADE Winds

LADY PASSENGERS aboard the Yankee Clipper, bound from Grand Central to Boston, have aroused the ire of the Terrible Tempered Mr. Charlie Morton. "They have developed a devilish pastime," he writes, "called the sleeve game. They all sport fur coats and orchids, and wear the coats cape-style, sleeves dangling, when they walk through the aisles, on their countless journeys to the dining car or rest rooms. The game consists of dragging a coat sleeve, on each side of the aisle, lightly across the faces and heads of the comatose passengers as they sit brooding in their chairs. Each passenger counts one point, and mussing the hair counts double. To wake him up with a mouthful of mink or blue fox in his ears rates five points. Jolting a book or magazine out of his hand counts ten, and knocking over an untouched highball is bingo." . . . For the story of a *really* harrowing train trip, I refer Mr. Morton to Robert Benchley's account of a transcontinental journey in the same car with a couple of playful little five-year-olds. It appeared either in "Pluck and Luck" or "The Early Worm." . . .

BOB DOWNING TELLS A STORY about a librarian at a small branch of the Boston Public Library, patronized each evening by a number of derelict old gentlemen who obviously had nowhere else to go. The librarian developed a certain affection for her brood, and worried about them when she had to turn them out at closing time. One bitter autumn night years ago, when a cold rain was beating around the building, the librarian was particularly distressed as closing time approached, and she realized most of the old gentlemen would head into the storm unprotected. She had an idea. She gathered up a bunch of old newspapers, and when the closing bell rang, she posted herself near the front door and distributed the papers to the men as they passed her, urging them to cover their heads against the elements. At last, all the old gentlemen were gone save one—a wispy little man in a threadbare suit and a green-black bowler. The librarian had already given him a paper to use against the storm, and now he returned it to her with an air of enormous civility. "Please, madam," he said, "if you happen to have one at hand, I'd be a lot happier with a copy of *The Transcript*." . . . That brings to mind, of course, Cleveland Amory and his "Proper Bostonians." This book has made Amory so famous in New England that when he attended a wedding in Vermont, the headline in the local paper read, "MR. AMORY AN USHER." In small print below was the unimportant fact that the occasion for the ceremony was the nuptials of the man who contributes this story, Mr. Calvin Stillman, of Chicago. . . .

MURIEL FULLER'S POEM advocating the avoidance of travel hazards by staying safely at home has provoked this rebuttal from Marie Bradley of Richmond, Ind.:

You think it is safe?
  Home is a snare
Where floors are like glass;
  You better beware.

The bath tub is skiddy,
  The dark cellar steps
Await the unwary
  To fall down their depths.

The tea kettle scalds,
  The cooker blows up,
The stepladder slips,
  You trip o'er the pup.

Your shins will be bruised
  By junior's new toy;
Your eyes will be blacked
  By a door that is coy.

I'll chance a jungle
  Or a desert so hot
I'll fly to Tibet
  Or Russia, why not?

Be it ever so humble
  I'd much rather roam
Than chance my one life
  In this trap you call "home."

And Orah C. Briscoe, of Bloomington, also in Indiana (what's the matter with Indiana homes anyhow?), goes on in similar vein:

If you stay home
  You're just as dopey;
Sockets can shock,
  Tubs can be soapy;
Stairs can trip you,
  And Junior's skates;
And rugs can throw you
  To the Pearly Gates.
Stoves have exploded,
  Houses have burned;
This from statistics
  We have learned.
You think you're safe?
  Use your head!
The majority dies
  At home in bed. . . .

ROOTS—A. A. Milne was once invited to stay in a castle in Wales by his friend Nigel Playfair. "It's wonderfully quiet," Playfair assured him, "and you'll be able to finish your new novel in jig time." Milne, however, found that Playfair's young son was always underfoot, and the novel suf-

"You've been driving yourself lately, Miss Burke. Take a vacation . . . a movie . . . double feature if you like."

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fered as a result. He returned to London in a temper, and told his publisher, "I couldn't finish my book with that kid about, but I did dash off a lot of silly stuff to keep him quiet. Look it over, won't you? It might be worth publishing at that." The "silly stuff" was published indeed—under the title of "When We Were Very Young." . . . "Spoon River" Edgar Lee Masters's young son Hilary is picking up journalistic lore on the *Washington News*. His very first assignment assures him front-page space every day. He's compiling the weather reports. . . . Gene Fowler had barely learned to shoot pool and wear long pants in Denver when he and some cronies spotted an actor in a general's dress uniform with a bear cub in his arms, leading a crow-bait white horse. They raided a vegetable stand and bombarded the actor with oranges, peaches, cantaloupes, and tomatoes. Forty years later, in Hollywood, Gene Fowler was toastmaster at a dinner in honor of the actor Lionel Barrymore. Barrymore admitted, "I won the uniform, bear cub, and horse in a crap game with some soldiers. Also, that was the first fresh fruit I had seen in months!" . . .

NIGEL BALCHIN, remembered here for his thrilling "Mine Own Executioner," is off on an entirely different tack in his next novel. Called "The Borgia Testament," it is a story of Pope Alexander VI and his ruthless son Cesare. This was the stuff from which Sabatini fashioned his greatest success—but that was thirty-six years ago. I

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BOBBS-MERRILL

met Balchin at the MGM studio recently. He was charming and debonair, but wearing that slightly dazed look that comes over so many top-flight novelists when first they plunge into the Hollywood maelstrom. . . . Jim Henle of Vanguard is brushing off his stock of superlatives to launch a first novel by Catherine Turlington called "Three to Make Ready." It's about teenagers. . . . Interviewed by Luther Nichols for *The San Francisco Chronicle,* an amazingly subdued Bill Saroyan brushed aside inquiries about his own work to boost Charlie Chaplin's "Monsieur Verdoux." "It was intended to wake people up," said Bill, "and people don't like to be waked up. It was too much like an alarm clock going off in the morning." Saroyan reported that he is working on a new play, called "The Incurables," about people suffering from cancer. "We're all suffering from cancers of one kind or another," he added. . . .

FOR THREE FULL MONTHS recently the *New York Herald Tribune* had a messenger "boy" who was over seventy years old, but few of the people who gave him fleeting or pitying glances as he shuffled by knew that in a happier day he had been the managing editor of one of pre-Hitler Germany's greatest newspapers. Idleness had driven him close to distraction in America, and finally, like an old firehorse, he had come back to the business he had known and loved.

What room was there, however, for a wistful, apologetic refugee of seventy? When he heard that the *Tribune* urgently needed messengers, he surprised the staff by applying for one of the vacant jobs.

His love of books is what undid him. He took longer and longer to complete his errands, and when finally he was discovered poring over some old volumes in a second-hand bookstore, he admitted that that was how he had been spending many of his working hours. He took his dismissal philosophically. "I guess it's just as well," he told the foreman. "I was spending too much on taxicabs anyhow." BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 752)

WEAVER:

IDEAS HAVE CONSEQUENCES

We have given people a technique of acquisition; how much comfort can we take in the way they employ it? . . . The staggering number of facts to which man . . . has access serves only to draw him away from consideration of first principles.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Reading, 'Riting, and Russia

EDITOR'S NOTE: SRL *continues its occasional series of articles on literary and publishing activity abroad with reports on three Slavic nations: Russia, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Nowadays news from these countries, and particularly the Soviet Union, is exceedingly hard to come by. Through his account of the barriers to the free interchange of information that he observed on a visit to Moscow, Ralph McGill, editor of the* Atlanta Constitution, *vividly shows why it is impossible to obtain precise and detailed information about Russia. Our report on Poland was written by Fred M. Hechinger, a free-lance journalist · lately returned from that country. F. C. Weiskopf, Czech-born writer and author of the forthcoming novel "Children of Their Time," describes conditions in his native land as he saw them on a recent visit.*

1. "New Man"—Old Chains

RALPH McGILL

THIS is a report on a visit I made to Moscow in the spring of 1945 as a member of a committee representing the American Society of Newspaper Editors. The ASNE believed there ought to be a free flow of information between the nations after the war, and we hoped to discuss the subject and implement it in any way possible with the Russians, who were then our allies in the war against Germany.

Naturally we approached our mission in high spirits. We, the first newspaper committee on a free-press mission to knock at the Soviet door, were going into that vast country from whose bourne no two travelers had returned with the same impression!

We held an informal little meeting right after we arrived at the Moscow Airport on the morning of March 8. We all agreed that we were there to do a job for the ASNE and that we would apply ourselves only to that. We felt it important that we make it clear we were there on business and not for sightseeing. And also that we considered our mission an important one. We agreed also to make it plain that we understood the difference in the two systems of dispensing news and that we were not there seeking to change the system, but that we were there earnestly seeking to persuade them that a free flow of information, and also a free exchange of cultural items such as magazines, art, music, and books, was highly desirable and important to world peace.

The next day we had our first appointment with S. A. Lozovsky, Vice Commissar of Foreign Affairs. We were most cordially received. Lozovsky was one of the old Bolsheviks, and he either did look a bit like Lenin, or he affected it with his beard, which was cut and trimmed like that of the maker of the Revolution.

Wilbur Forrest, as chairman, stated the committee's mission, and after a discussion, Lozovsky asked four questions:

(1) Does membership of the ASNE include all shades of thought, liberal, reactionary, Republican, and Democratic?

(2) How can the Society commit itself if the owners make the policy?

(3) What support do the papers give the Yalta Conference?

(4) What did we mean by "freedom of information"?

He then asked, almost as an afterthought, if the Hearst papers and the *Chicago Tribune* were represented in the ASNE, and we assured him they were.

Our answers were easy. All shades of thought were represented in the Society. The committee itself had been found to be composed, entirely by chance, of a Repubican, a Democrat, and an Independent in politics.

Owners of American newspapers were highly desirous of a free flow of information in and out of all countries, including our own.

The papers had given general support to the Yalta Conference.

We meant by "freedom of information" the right of reporters of all countries to travel safely and to send their reports without being subject to censorship.

ALL this required more than an hour of discussion. The vice commissar then made a summing up, speaking of the difference in the systems and the difference in concept of information; but then he added: "It seems to me that if we can get together on a common ground to fight Germany, and if we can find a common ground on which to build international security, we surely can get together on some sort of an agreement for an international flow of information."

This delighted us. It must be remembered the war was still on. The cannon almost nightly were announcing with iron cheers the advent of more Soviet victories. So we asked again, to be sure we had heard aright, and he repeated it.

Looking at it today, in the light of the bitter attacks on this country and its newspaper people and newspapers, seeing the ever-tightening restrictions against foreign newsmen in Russia, noting the imitations of these restrictions by the satellite countries, the Lozovsky statement seems even more lacking in substance than it did at the

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time. It is meaningless now. But then, I think, he meant it. He went on to remind us that before the war there was little censorship in Russia in so far as news dispatches were concerned.

He lectured us, and I had to agree there was some merit in his statement, on occasional lack of responsibility. He said that some correspondents had come determined to create a sensation and to badger the Soviet officials into restricting them or sending them out of the country. Also he asked a question we were to be asked again and again, namely, "How could newspapermen spend a few weeks in vast Russia and go out and write books about it, including even sections they had not visited?"

I THINK at the time they had great hopes in their so-called "new man." I believe they thought the war and the genuinely great accomplishments of the Soviet armies would so mature their "new man" in the Communist system that they could, in a sense, turn him loose and let him know the news and the thoughts of other governments and peoples.

To me, looking at it from a perspective of three years as I write this, this Soviet fear of information is an illustration of weakness. Their "new man" still may not be trusted to have information other than that produced by the factories of Russia. Their "new man" still must be watched by secret police, must be spied on and kept always in fear of speaking any thought not given him. Their ruthless purge of editors who had begun, under the influence of the war and what they, the editors, had seen at the front and heard from returning soldiers, to present a glimmer of outside news, was yet another illustration of this fact. Their "new man" still cannot be trusted to his own devices. But, that day in the spring of 1945, I think they believed they might trust him.

Asked what we would like to do, we asked only to talk to their editors and officials in charge of information. In some surprise, he asked if we were not interested in sightseeing. We told him we were greatly interested, but that we felt it our duty to do our job as thoroughly and yet as quickly as possible. We would, we said, like to see onion-topped St. Basil's, some art galleries, and the Kremlin. (These we saw. And the Kremlin, rarely open to visitors, was shown us in full.)

On Saturday we had a long meeting with Vladimir Kemenov, of "Voks," the cultural relations department. We found him eager for postwar swapping of magazines, books, and art.

From there we went to Tass and discussed its file, admitting that our own files from Russia sometimes were out of balance, but trying to find some manner of bringing in through Tass a more representative cross-section of American news.

On Sunday evening Ambassador Harriman gave a dinner for us and invited the principal Russian editors. We were flattered and pleased that all had accepted.

There was a frank and free discussion. Everyone wanted to talk and did. Ambassador Harriman talked simply of the United States—of how it had been an isolated country like Russia; of how it did not care for Communism for the United States; of how it had been a country concerned almost entirely, through the years, with its domestic growth, unlike the countries of Europe, where international problems were ever present; of how this fact made it resentful of foreign criticism, so that the surest way to popularize an American politician was to have him criticized by a foreign country. He went on, telling in plain, short words how America was now ridding itself of this isolationism and was interested in press comment from the Soviet Union, for which it had a friendly feeling (as it did at the time). He reminded them that our two countries had never been enemies in war.

The Lozovsky reply was interesting in that it revealed a lack of understanding of our political system.

He said he was glad the people of the United States were reading the Soviet press, but he did not understand the criticism of an ally, which some of the American papers engaged in so persistently, while Soviet soldiers were dying in common cause against Germany. As for popularizing politicians, they, the Soviets, had done much to popularize Goebbels and would continue to popularize such politicians down to their graves.

He had missed the whole import of the Ambassador's statement—which had to do with making votes for American politicians who profited by foreign attacks. Votes were not in his thinking, so he thought only in terms of public opinion.

Then, speaking very seriously, he said the future of world peace depended upon close alliance and peace between the United States and the Soviet Union. He was right, of course, and the present situation is the more dismaying therefore.

Then came one of those moments when it was apparent that what the world acutely needs is a good handbook in semantics. Up stood P. N. Pospelov to say the discussion had revealed that the editors in America did not always represent public opinion, as they often had opposition to their policy.

That was a stopper. Words have different meanings to different peoples. Here was a man who honestly felt that public policy was something a government created and to which all loyal citizens subscribed, including, of course, newspapers.

"The Moscow papers," he said, "learned what the government and the people wanted and then followed that policy." His speech went on and was, in essence, a political speech in which he apparently was polishing an apple for teacher.

A FELLOW we all liked as a tough opponent who talked and argued well, without beating his breast, was L. F. Ilyichev, of *Izvestia*. He probed the American press where it hurt—the positions too often emphatically taken on the basis of unchecked information. He did not comprehend that even in political matters the American press hurries into print while the Soviets, under wraps, wait for orders and interpretations. So he was able to point out that often the American press appeared uninformed and careless with facts. He also documented instances of stories given big displays but which, when later they were proved to have been untrue or greatly exaggerated, were not corrected at all, or the correction was buried.

On Monday evening we went to the editorial offices of *Izvestia*. There was a long discussion. We learned that *Izvestia* had a circulation of 1,300,000 and was published in four cities, Moscow, Leningrad, Baku, and Kuibyshev, with plans made for another issue in the Urals. Mats were sent by plane, weather permitting. On bad days radio sent the news.

They had newsprint pains. The Germans had taken most of the newsprint-producing region. They went in

Summer Day: Small Town

By J. A. Adams

THE townclock
plummets iron notes into the calm,
rippling serenity to concentric waves
that largo out over the town
and fade to delicate diminuendos
among the farms and woodlands.
(Who would believe such tenuous floods
could crumble the bluff's face
till roots grappled air
and the toppling pine unpillared the sky?)
The strokes cease; the pigeon shifts
on her nest in the tower;
and the unbroken gleam is restored—
Buddha-like, possessing itself.

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for news beats, and there was lively competition. They even had little page-one boxes gloating over beats. There was no home delivery, but circulation was by mail, train, and air, with street sales at kiosks. There was some circulation to groups. On collective farms, subscribing groups would appoint a reader to read the paper, usually after a meal when the whole group was together. Daily staff meetings were the rule.

We discovered more uncomfortable facts. About the only books they had read about American newspapering were Upton Sinclair's "Brass Check" and Seldes's "Lords of the Press." They also read few American papers. They received occasional copies of the *Chicago Tribune,* some of the Hearst papers, the *New York Herald Tribune,* and *The New York Times.*

I asked why they did not read a wider variety of American papers, and Ilyichev blew me down by asking right back how many Soviet papers I and the other members of the committee read.

Ilyichev explained that the newspaper buildings all belong to the state, as does the equipment, but that the management was expected to amortize the costs of the plant and to make a profit.

We heard the usual arguments against us—control by advertisers, lack of public support of our policies, especially in politics, and so on. We argued that the test was the man with the nickel who paid for the paper and that advertisers were interested only in buying ads which brought buyers into their stores; that a paper which didn't pull in customers couldn't survive, no matter how much influence an advertiser might have.

We checked the content of the papers and found, to our regret, that most of the Tass file seemed to constitute stories of American attacks on the Soviet policy and government, reports of Hollywood love nests, gang killings, and lynchings. As a Southerner, I was the more disturbed by the fact that our racial crimes were international propaganda for the Soviets.

The paper revealed a letters-to-the-editor department and an information department, and the newsroom was broken down into a city desk and a national desk. There were reporters with beats covering the city, as with us.

We had to laugh when Ilyichev asked if we had many eccentrics who wrote letters and called at the office. That certainly was one place where the two systems were alike.

The discussion brought out the fact that there are no schools of journalism in Russia. Newspapermen of experience train the new ones.

It was obvious to us that not even the Soviet newspapermen received from Tass a cross-section view of American news. That we had the same handicap we readily admitted, but we pointed out that the Soviet Union restricted us from getting and sending a cross-section file.

The discussion at *Pravda* the next evening was about the same as the one at *Izvestia.* The discussions at each paper lasted about three and a half hours, and we were able to argue freely and without restraint and without any ruffling of feelings.

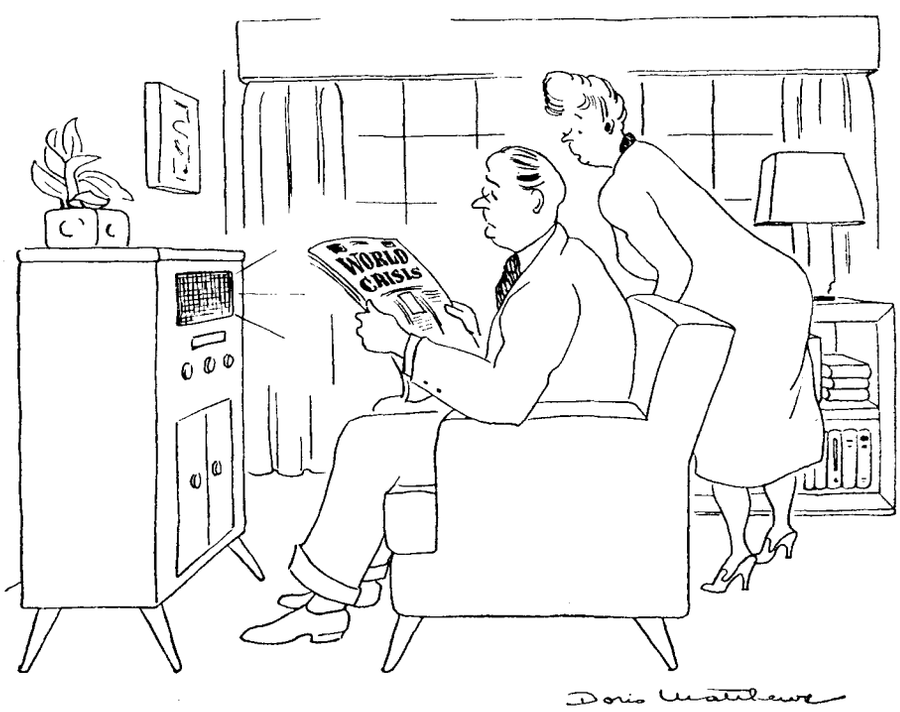
LOOKING back on our trip, I arrived at a few conclusions. The meetings, evaluated at the time, were judged worth while because, first of all, we had got into the country and actually had sat down with the Soviet editors and had presented our case and argued its points. It was the first time in all the history of the Soviet Union that any foreign editors had been given that opportunity. We felt they had enjoyed it as much as we. We felt, too, that on the part of the editors, notably those of *Pravda* and *Izvestia,* there would have been a perfect willingness to have a free flow of news in and out of their country, they deeming themselves fully competent to handle their side of it. This may have been pure imagination, but we felt it.

The Soviet newspaperman was either a product of the Revolution or, if an old-timer, one who had worked on clandestine papers in the underground. They knew the set-up of American papers, but they could not understand the lack of control by the government. In fact, they resented this lack. To us it was preposterous that they should argue that a press was free which took its orders from the government, or that it even had a policy when that policy was laid down by the government.

It was in the domestic field that the Soviet press seemed even more paradoxical. When some local Communist manager of factory or mine fell down in production, the press was supplied with information and told to lash him. This was offered as illustration of their right of free criticism.

I was not too surprised to read, more than a year later, that some of the Soviet editors had been purged, along with staff members. When they did come across some examples of good work abroad, they were, of course, interested. The war did bring great hopes of world peace and unity, and they began, perhaps unconsciously, to reflect it. For this they were liquidated as editors. Perhaps they were liquidated as persons.

The Soviet editors were well informed, technically, about the United States and the world. But, as Lozovsky had failed to think of our politicians in terms of votes and of the influence of foreign criticism on votes, so were they unable to think of an American people living under a constitution which allowed individual freedom to a degree often regarded by others as extravagant and, by some,



"Do you think I should brush up on my riveting?"

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fantastic. Publishing and writing by government orders, they could visualize our press only as working under like orders from some hidden, sinister source. To them the American Newspaper Publishers' Association was a totalitarian group, and when we told them its officers exercised no authority and its membership was loosely held, they smiled patiently.

They were sensitive to their many obvious shortcomings in consumer goods and in what we call "gadgets." Indeed, this sensitiveness is reflected in most of the Soviet writings. The very able and skilful Ilya Ehrenburg savagely attacks electric refrigerators, gas and electric stoves, and our many other inventions which make life easier for the average person. I wish someone would send Mr. Ehrenburg a refrigerator, an electric coffee-maker, and a chiming alarm clock.

I still think the Soviets are tragically disappointed in their own creation. Their "new man" will fight well, will work hard, and will strive mightily, but they still must watch him with secret police and they still must make fear a part of their governing.

Their "new man" also must continually be kept in the iron lung of their propaganda machine and be spoon-fed mentally.

I think the chief thing the Russians do not want us to see is this failure with their "new man," and their further failure to supply him with a decent standard of living. It is this they wish to hide, even more than armies, weapons, and concentration camps.

A free press mission to the Soviets today is discussed with sound effects of hollow laughter, the sound of the cuckoo clock striking at least twelve.

But, I don't know. Truth does its own work.

Ralph McGill's article is drawn from a book, "As We See Russia," to be published next month by E. P. Dutton.

2. Parchment Blinds

FRED M. HECHINGER

THE literary and cultural scene in Poland today can be seen in proper perspective only if the extent of Nazi vandalism between 1939 and 1945 is considered: universities and high schools closed, with higher education conducted clandestinely at the penalty of torture and death; 19,000 school libraries—eighty per cent of the total—completely demolished; sixteen million volumes of scientific printed matter—seventy-five per cent of the available stock—burned; 200,000 historical prints and 75,000 manuscripts destroyed. The value of the loss has been estimated at three billion dollars.

After almost a decade of intellectual starvation, the Poles are avid for reading matter of every sort. But although theirs is one of the few countries to overcome shortages of newsprint and paper, there is still a severe scarcity of satisfactory manuscripts and of first-rate writers. There is no backlog of manuscripts waiting to be printed, for the quantity of writing done underground during the war was small and its quality low.

The Polish publishing field today is dominated by near-monopolistic chains. Largest among these is Czytelnik (The Reader), which claims to be an independent cooperative; but it is an open secret, easily confirmed even by a casual foreign visitor that its views and interests are close to those of the left-wing coalition government. Jerzy Borejscza, Czytelnik boss, is deferentially known as "the King of the Press," and his new "Palace of the Polish Word" in Warsaw would provide a more than adequate headquarters for the most exacting American press magnate. But beyond that, Borejscza's empire might well fill the American chain publisher with envy. In a country of less than one-quarter of America's population, with a far lower degree of literacy, Czytelnik puts out thirty-one dailies and periodicals and had more than 140 titles on last year's book list. It operates nine printing plants, has sixteen administration buildings, runs its own wire service, and owns 4,000 newsstands all over the country. Its monthly turnover is close to a million dollars.

Competing with this super-chain are the Socialist Wiedza (Knowledge) and the Communist Ksiazka (The Book). In addition, there are a great number of independent publishing houses, many of them operated by Catholic organizations, which escaped the large-scale nationalization of Polish industry by remaining separate from the printing plants.

Last year Polish publishers listed more than two thousand new titles and reprints. The total printing of fiction exceeded thirty million copies, but the demand is not nearly satisfied. The fiction-writing being done by Poles is still dominated by the wartime plot. Seweryna Szmaglewska's "Smoke Over Birkenau," a powerful story of the Auschwitz death camp, has had a large sale and has been translated into English, Swedish, and Russian. Jerzy Andrzejewski, 1938 Polish Academy Award winner, has published "The Night," a volume of short stories which includes the moving "Passover Week." Aside from its literary merits, the story is significant because its mixture of Jewish and Polish background stresses a new liaison of common suffering.

Polish national rebirth is linked with a marked renaissance of fervent, emotional poetry and a new stress on the classics. Intense nationalism, in no way diminished by the political move to the left, has created an insistent demand for patriotic historical novels. Tradeusz Holuj responded with "Test of Fire." Arkady Fiedler's "Squadron 303" is typical of a more popular postwar fare.

Because there is not enough native writing to fill the demand, the publishers are clamoring for translations of foreign books. Yet, in the contest for the Polish cultural market America has gone into hiding. The country which might give us a strong intel-

(*Continued on page* 35)

Cat Among Cactus

By Sara Kolb Danner

TREADING his delicate way behold the cat
Lambent fur against needles spiny sharp,
Pawing the air like a player of a harp
Satyr, nomad and proud aristocrat.
Hunting among the plants in the hot noon hour
He stalks a young bird, a quail, nimble and scared,
The cat, relentless as evil, with teeth gleaming and bared
Weaves among opuntia, agave, cereus—thorn and flower.
Beneath aisles of henna pots the terrified quail
Inserts his ball of a body, soft and young
And from the plants fixed bayonets a challenge is flung
At the angry frustrated cat with lashing tail.
In my garden jungle the cat among the thorns
Casts a shadow with long and pointed horns.

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Fiction. *Two examples of the development of the serial novel at its best are reviewed this week—"One Clear Call," ninth volume of Upton Sinclair's panorama of the day before yesterday, and "Toward the Morning," the third of Hervey Allen's chronicle of life in the backwoods in the eighteenth century. Mr. Sinclair's fabulous Lanny Budd is in this case engaged in trying to seduce Italy to the right side of the fence. Time: from the Invasion of Sicily to the Presidential election of 1944. Hervey Allen's latest brings Salathiel, the boy who was kidnapped by the Indians, up to manhood and his return from savagery, in 1764. Both authors are novelists turned historians. Theoretically Hervey Allen could go on with his series on the beginning of America as long as he can manage to hit a typewriter, while Upton Sinclair is eventually bound to catch up with himself when he trips over today's newspaper.*

Shawnee White Ward in Colonial Society

TOWARD THE MORNING. By Hervey Allen. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 458 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by EDMUND FULLER

SOME years before General Braddock was ambushed and put out of business for failing to heed the advice of a certain young surveyor, a white child was carried off by the Shawnees in the Allegheny wilderness. This was the beginning of the story of Salathiel Albine. In two previous novels, "The Forest and the Fort" and "Bedford Village," Hervey Allen brought the child Salathiel to something over six feet of manhood, formed and trained in the bitter frontier fighting of Pontiac's rebellion, in the course of which he regained his heritage as a white man.

"Toward the Morning" is a longer book than its predecessors and more varied and complex in the social framework it encompasses. It follows Salathiel's slow, eastward course, in the "ark" of the late Captain Simeon Ecuyer, from the wilderness which is the only world he has known, to the relative refinements of colonial society.

> To Salathiel the ridge of the Tuscarora was thus of much greater import and significance than would even a national frontier ordinarily be to a usual or casual traveler. For him, it was the barrier he had always dimly felt and often heard about, one he could now plainly see; a wall between him and all those things from which he so bitterly felt he had been cruelly disinherited. Now—now after years of hope deferred, struggles, and lonely yearning, he was about to surmount it and to go on down into the country beyond.

He is bound for Philadelphia, which he does not reach in this volume, but which apparently is to be the setting of the next book, "The City in the Dawn." Allen's pattern is interesting in this reversal—wilderness to city—of the usual frontier story progression.

Though eager and excited, Salathiel makes his journey with some trepidation. He is not sure how fully he has "escaped" from the Indians among whom he grew up. He carries a few scalps and another strange, secret trophy—the severed hand of a little Welsh thief who had foolishly attempted to pilfer Salathiel's wagon. Salathiel suspected that an ordinary white man might not have chopped off that hand to begin with and that, if he had done so, he would have buried it. But it was, after all, a legitimate token of the enemy. After much deliberation, Salathiel salted it and tucked it away along with the scalps. I shall be surprised if Mr. Allen does not mean to re-examine the matter of this interesting trophy in work to come.

There are a number of civilizing influences around Salathiel, including his old friends Edward Yates and Arthur St. Clair. But greatest of all, in her somewhat fey manner, is Frances Melissa O'Toole, who is soon to bear him a child. This is an irregular relationship. Salathiel cannot find—and no longer wishes to find the girl Jane Sligo, to whom he had been married hastily in the forests through the excessive zeal of the missionary James McArdle. Already one love has been lost to him through this technical obstacle. He does not intend to lose another.

This unusual couple has in charge the little girl Bridget McSandliss, like Salathiel a frontier orphan. The charming and preternaturally sage child is to be delivered to a waiting

THE AUTHOR: Whether he is presiding over fried chicken and beer at breakfast or running his Florida plantation, Hervey Allen's *joie de vivre* stems from the land. Conserving natural resources, especially farm soil, he lists as domestic problem No. 1. His first love, however, was the sea, to which he made early advances at Annapolis until track injuries sent him back to Pittsburgh, where he took a BS at the local university in 1915. That year he joined the National Guard and was soon policing the Mexican boundary—inspiration for "Ballads of the Border." "Toward the Flame" is his diary of 1918 with the AEF in France. Later, wounded in action, he became French Army instructor in English, a calling continued in mufti at Charleston, S. C. In 1921 his poems "Wampum and Old Gold" and the collaboration "Carolina Chansons" were published. While teaching at Columbia and lecturing at Vassar, 1925-26, he brought out "Earth Moods and Other Poems," "Israfel, The Life and Times of Edgar Allan Poe," and "Poe's Brother, The Poems of William Leonard Poe," another collaboration. His own favorite is 1927's "Sarah Simon." Of his work, the novel "Anthony Adverse" in 1933 was "the most maligned by the wrong kind of appreciation. . . . So far as I know, no critic in America ever found out what the story was about." "Action at Aquila" followed in 1938, then the initial volumes of "The Disinherited" quintet: "The Forest and the Fort," "Bedford Village," and "Toward the Morning." The last will have Literary Guild and seven foreign editions. "The City in the Dawn" is due in 1950, "Richfield Springs" the next year. During World War I he was WMC Southeastern director of information. Snags to peace now, he thinks, are how best to keep the preponderance of moral and physical force in United States hands, check world population growth, and "prevent amoral Socialists from destroying civilization." —R. G.

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grandmother in the town of Carlisle back in the secure and settled land east of the Tuscaroras. But what comes of that is quite a story in itself.

Indeed, "Toward the Morning" has no simple plot. It is a chronicle, a meandering progression. Mr. Allen is so accomplished a storyteller that he can afford to ramble far off the path, confident that we are following. In this manner he gives us such fascinating digressions as "The Secret Story of Captain Jack," which falls mainly in "Bedford Village" but moves to its ending here; the touching record of the grief and the joy of Frau Anna Lininger; and the singular tale of Colonel Cornelius Vandercliff and his bony white horse Mahar-shalal-hash-baz.

The merit of the true historical novel, in that great tradition of which no less a book than "War and Peace" is the cornerstone, lies in the re-creation and interpretation of an era. It is the degree of success in this attempt that divorces it from the spurious, tawdry, non-historical product properly called a costume romance. Hervey Allen performs well by this standard. He achieves a vivid, convincing, and instructive projection of life in and around the Cumberland Valley in the year 1764.

There is a grand sequence on life and manners in the town of Chambersburg. It is Colonel Ben Chambers himself who tells Salathiel:

> Pennsylvania ain't heaven, and it ain't goin' to be. . . . But it ain't hell, either, and it don't need to be made to resemble it. One of the best ways of preventin' hell on earth is for a few sober men to remind themselves regular of the everlastin' presence of the Ancient of Days, to remember where enlightenment comes from, and how the seed must die first to bring the harvest home. It's easy to forgit how to plough when everybody wants to be a harvester. . . . There'll be a mighty harvest here, but there's also got to be a mighty plantin' and replantin'.

Allen affectionately rescues from undeserved obscurity the gallant, quiet Colonel—later Brigadier—Henry Bouquet, who defeated the Indians at Fort Pitt and liberated the "captivated" settlers, some of whom had been sixteen years in Indian hands. The triumphal return of Bouquet's forces to Carlisle makes an exciting piece of frontier pageantry. It finds its curious obverse in the detailed account of a long caravan of fanatical Scotch Covenanters frontier bound from the borders of Maryland.

Allen's text contains a wealth of detail and incident impossible to indicate. He works in a rich, sometimes over-rich style. Where the costume romance is pantingly and ridiculously lustful, Allen is robustly bawdy, earthy, and sound. If, for individual tastes, there is sometimes an excess; if the mark is missed now and again, nevertheless. better this overflow of a fine, full invention than the shoddy, bare bare stuff which has frequently been palmed off upon the unwary as historical fiction.

With three down and two to go on his project called "The Disinherited," Hervey Allen is still gaining in force. If he does no more than hold his own with the promising materials of the coming books, he will have achieved a remarkable chronicle.

Crumbled Georgia Crackers

THIS VERY EARTH. By Erskine Caldwell. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1948. 254 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LON TINKLE

ERSKINE CALDWELL'S latest novel sharply arrests the distressing nose dive taken by his talent in the two preceding novels, "A House in the Uplands" and "The Sure Hand of God." Chism Crockett and his family, whose fortunes are the concern of "This Very Earth," are authentic and powerful Caldwell creations. The mingled violence, comedy, and tragedy of their lives yield nothing in inventiveness to the best of Caldwell's work.

But if the novelist's virtuosity again finds assertion in "This Very Earth," it cannot be said that he has regained the classic level of "God's Little Acre." The reason might be that the destinies of the stubborn, weak (though, for once, not degenerate) characters of the new novel leave the author actually indifferent. His attitude toward Chism Crockett and the others is not the artistic detachment which characterizes such a master as Flaubert; it's just indifference.

In this day when fiction has been captured by the critical mind that longs to be creative, it is easy to sell Erskine Caldwell short. No one, of course, would ever say of Caldwell what used to be said of Jules Romains: "It's not that Romains is too intellectual, but too *exclusively* intellectual." And of late Caldwell has even shown a belligerent tendency to pretend to a mindlessness as extreme as that of his own Georgia rustics.

—*Reed.*

One suspects Erskine Caldwell "no longer feels sure where to assign the blame for human cussedness."

This pose should fool no one. Caldwell's writing is astringent and his mood acescent. He can write out of lucid hatred, as he occasionally does in this novel, notably in a blistering attack on a Congressman. But what forestalls the reader's complete capitulation to his skill is the fundamental ambiguity mentioned above: Caldwell seems indifferent—and one suspects that is because he no longer feels sure where to assign the blame for human cussedness.

Take Chism Crockett, for instance. As this book opens, Chism is savoring the pure pleasure of possum hunting, now that autumn has come with its frosty and luminous nights. This indeed is the only pure pleasure Chism has known since leaving the farm and moving his motherless brood of three girls and two boys to town. But he won't return to the farm. Farming is what he hates most. He hates it enough to reject it even though he sees the town is wrecking his family.

Grandpa, one of Caldwell's occasional tender portraits, is forever reminding Chism of doom. Daughter Vickie works the night shift in a downtown café, conveniently near a hospitable hotel. Vickie is as promiscuous as her sister Dorisse is fatally faithful—faithful to a psychopath who ultimately kills her with a flatiron. Jane, still in high school, is seduced by the football coach, more than twice her age and married. Chism himself teaches eleven-year-old Jarvis to drink corn whiskey, and takes the boy along on what is surely as shocking a rape episode as you'll ever find, even in Caldwell's work.

There is no need to catalogue the evil into which Chism falls. The ques-

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tion is whether the reader is legitimately entitled to ask why he falls into it. We think so, but Caldwell himself has recently commented that the only function of the novelist is to show the reader what people actually do.

Well, people do think now and then; they even modify their impulses by reason. It is this realm of "doing" which is so markedly absent from "This Very Earth." It would be absurd, however, to defend this lack on the grounds that Caldwell is picturing simpletons. Far from it; Chism himself is as wily as any possum and has all the brainpower needed for craftily selling his daughters to the highest bidder or for practising blackmail on their lovers.

So, as a novel, "This Very Earth" is basically unsatisfying. It will prompt instinctive admiration from any but the intellectual snobs, who ought to admit that as a craftsman Caldwell perfectly frames the exact pictures he wants to paint. But what he paints is not "this very earth"; it is the world of Erskine Caldwell. And that world is becoming increasingly artificial instead of deeply felt. It can hardly be more important to the reader than it is to the author. Can it be that Caldwell's experience on an international scale has made him impatient of provincialism?

Lanny Budd on Another Secret Mission

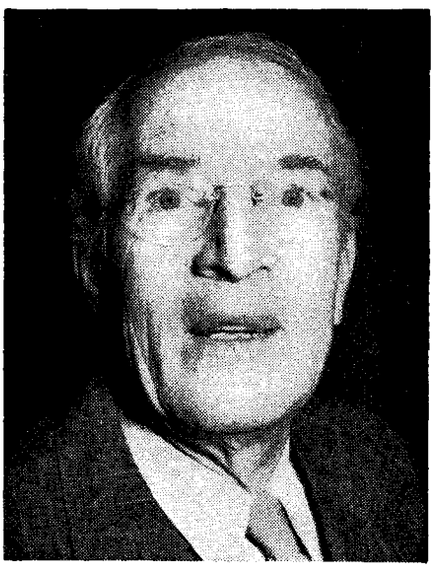
ONE CLEAR CALL. By Upton Sinclair. New York: The Viking Press. 1948. 626 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by MAXWELL GEISMAR

THIS is the ninth volume of the fabulous Lanny Budd series. In spite of the Pulitizer Prize award for "Dragon's Teeth," the third volume, published in 1943, Mr. Sinclair's literary panorama of almost every important event and famous person in the contemporary historical scene has never won any clear-cut critical recognition, either as literature, history, folk lore, propaganda, or fantasy. It has been almost impossible to determine which of these categories really describes the series, in fact—just as Mr. Sinclair's own career has been a curious and sometimes alarming mixture of publicist, politician, reformer, moralist, faddist, and, incidentally, artist.

Mr. Sinclair, however, has kept on going. And the saga of Lanny Budd —the wealthy scion of Budd-Erling armaments; the playboy of international high society; the intimate of Otto Kahn, Hitler, Roosevelt, Churchill, and General Patton, to name only a few of the personages, dead or alive, who figure in the present volume, and the secret agent of democratic socialism, brotherhood, and freedom—this saga has become an extraordinary phenomenon of the contemporary literary scene. Some of the earlier volumes in the series have sold close to a million copies, and the average has been about 50,000 copies each, both in the United States and Great Britain, not to mention the other foreign countries from Argentina and Brazil to Sweden, Switzerland, and the U.S.S.R., which have already contracted for or published the series. And the author, at the age of seventy, after a lifetime of sensations, abuse, and, often enough, social ostracism or exile, finds himself in the position of being not only a national best seller but an international representative of American culture.

The secret of Upton Sinclair nobody yet knows—except to the degree that he still represents a flourishing of those provincial rebels, free-thinkers, and eccentrics who in the 1900's, from Robert Ingersoll to Veblen, marked the climax of our earlier agrarian and mercantile society. But what is the secret of the Lanny Budd series? In the opening sections of "One Clear Call," for instance, Lanny and his third wife, a "quiet little woman with a slow smile and soft brown eyes," are vacationing in Florida. The P.A. (Presidential Agent) is called to Washington by the Boss (F.D.R.) and sent on another secret mission to Italy via Berlin. Hitler, who is only mad north north-west, still thinks that Lanny is working for *him*.



—*Wide World.*

"The secret of Upton Sinclair nobody yet knows."

The job is to persuade the Italian military and financial circles to work with us, as Lanny has just finished doing with the French, via Admiral Darlan and Robert Murphy. Meanwhile, however, Lanny has to get his material for the trip, which he does through a gorgeous shindig at Evalyn Walsh McLean's, where his wife, who has just spent $1,000 for new evening clothes, is wise enough to wear no jewels. Forthwith Lanny meets Signor Generoso Pope and embarks upon his voyage to Rome, Berlin, Stockholm, London, and Madrid.

The rest I leave to your imagination or your purse. The point is, of course, that after you have accepted the complete absurdity of Mr. Sinclair's narrative, as well as the incredible American dialect, you begin to enjoy it. As a matter of fact, the improbability of the Lanny Budd novels is one of their main virtues; the ordinary reader gets a vigorous adventure story in the best tradition of Superman along with a simple but encyclopedic history of the world today. But the main appeal of the series lies quite clearly in its nineteenth-century American point of view, well-informed, moral, and virtuous, but also large, careless, and generous to the point of extravagance.

Mr. Sinclair's familiar villains are all here, to be sure, including the international bankers, the Fascists, and the military. Yet there is very little sense of evil in this entire chronicle of modern corruption and decay. Even Hitler has sense enough to listen to Lanny Budd, who, if he only had had a little more time, might have helped to prevent both our world wars. And the Americans in general, although they have incredible wealth and a formidable technology, and can wipe out islands or continents in short order, remain also generous and decent people who want only to establish prosperity and peace.

This central view of life, which corresponds to our own earlier dreams of national destiny and to the Europeans' wildest fancy, seems to me the main element in the success of the Lanny Budd novels, including "One Clear Call." France and England in particular have always had rather distorted notions of our culture through such literary emissaries as Poe, Jack London, or Horace McCoy. Mr. Sinclair's present work may serve to balance this. If his world seems almost equally remote or exotic to us at the present time, I only hope it will not prove to be as far from the truth.

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Land of Freedom?

LAST OF THE CONQUERORS. By William Gardner Smith. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co., Inc. 1948. 262 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HARRISON SMITH

THERE have been so many novels in the last two years that have stressed racial injustice in this country that it is difficult to imagine any new or startling approach to this depressing subject. Yet an American Negro, now only twenty-one years old, has managed, in "The Last of the Conquerors," to produce a controversial book that is guaranteed to shock any reader who is at all apprehensive of the results of our continued discrimination against Negro citizens on ourselves and on public opinion throughout the world. The author, William Gardner Smith, is nevertheless an example of what a Negro youth can achieve in a few short years if he has been born north of the Mason and Dixon line. A Philadelphian, raised and educated in the colored segment of that city, he has been a reporter for the *Pittsburgh Courier* for five years, except for a brief interlude toward the end of the war when he was drafted and sent to Germany with a Negro force as a part of our Army of Occupation. After V-J Day he remained in Germany for eight months as an observer for his newspaper, and is now a student in Temple University in his home city. This chronology is significant since it explains the reportorial talent apparent in his novel. His youth excuses, if any excuses are necessary, the ardor with which he proclaims his discovery that the German people behaved toward Negroes as if they were their equals.

The detachment of dark-skinned American conquerors who sailed across the Atlantic for occupation duty in Germany came from both the Jim-Crow South and the Negro slums of Northern cities. Two of them were friends; Hayes Dawkins, who tells the story, and his friend Randy, called "the Professor" because he was older, highly literate, and had been, oddly enough, a reporter on the author's own newspaper. All of them, from what they had heard, would have preferred France. Actually, they did not know how lucky they were going to be. How could they have imagined that the Germans, trained for so many years in Hitler's Nazi creed of purity of blood and race, would treat them simply as pleasant human beings, would take them into their homes, would permit their daughters and sisters to go about with them, to sleep with them, or to marry them? According to Mr. Smith, that is exactly what happened. For the first time in the lives of any of them, they could look white men in the eyes and could associate with them and their women. It is the effect on these men of this sudden freedom, this overwhelming knowledge that there was a place on the earth where there was no discrimination against them, that gives a startling meaning to "The Last of the Conquerors," as well as the obvious contrast with their certain future back home where Jim Crow, in one form or another, must rule their lives.

There is a disturbing parallel between the attitude of these soldiers—who when they were abroad felt the breath of the only kind of freedom they long for—and the people behind the Iron Curtain in Europe and Russia who see in the West political and intellectual emancipation. The policy of the Army in segregating colored from white troops enabled them to pursue the utopian fantasy of an idyllic life in Germany to which they would return after they had been shipped back to the States. In Berlin this particular group was well-housed, in a mess hall that looked like the first-class restaurants they had never been allowed to enter. The German girls who acted as secretaries and stenographers were more than amiable, and several of the men had the disconcerting experience of knowing that a blonde and blue-eyed fraulein had fallen in love with them. Most of them "shacked-up" with the sympathetic young ladies who came to the club and who could be bought for cigarettes or candy. Hayes Dawkins's

Late as This!

"Old Man on Nebo! Late as this
One Justice bleeds for thee!"

EMILY DICKINSON.

By Leonora Speyer

SAM, my friend on the corner
Who sells me the evening paper
(With its mortal headline, "Old Jerusalem Falls"—),
Weeps.
And I weep with him.

And he asks me, "How long?"
And I answer, "Not two thousand years!"

And he smiles—the patient smile of that ancient people.
We smile together,
And in his eyes and in my heart
Sound the measures of an ancient song:
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth . . .

(And mine, the singer's tongue,
Let it cleave to the roof of my mouth,
Let me never sing again,
If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!)

And we pray together,
Sam the Jew and I the Christian,
As we think of the two old Rabbis
In that far-away Holy City,
With their gray beards and their white flags of truce . . .

And Emily prays with us!
We pray for that bleeding Justice,
Each in his own way,
And we remember, each in his own way,
The old Man on Nebo,
And those pentateuchal robes
Which he will surely wear.

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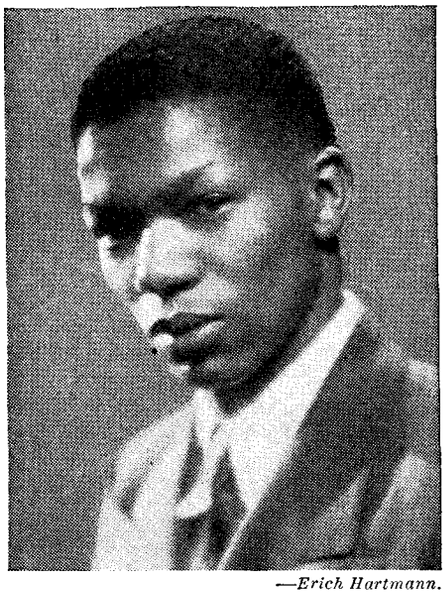
girl was beautiful, charming, and completely enraptured by the color of his skin, by the way his hair curled. In fact, it was her aunt who first said, "What beautiful hair he has." Since Army rules about staying out all night were rarely observed, the opportunities for this devoted couple to make love were almost unlimited. As Ilse remarked one night when she put her arms around his neck after her hostess brought them a hot-water bottle, "We have so much luck." This happy family life was interrupted when Hayes was dispatched with other colored troops to Bremberg, across Russian territory. But somehow Ilse made her way to him and, though he continued to tell her that he had a girl in America, he knew that she was true to him and that he too was in love.

Everyone in conquered Naziland smiled on the uniformed Negroes except an occasional officer, and the white troops who shouted when they saw them with German girls. One untutored colored soldier stated his feelings in plain language:

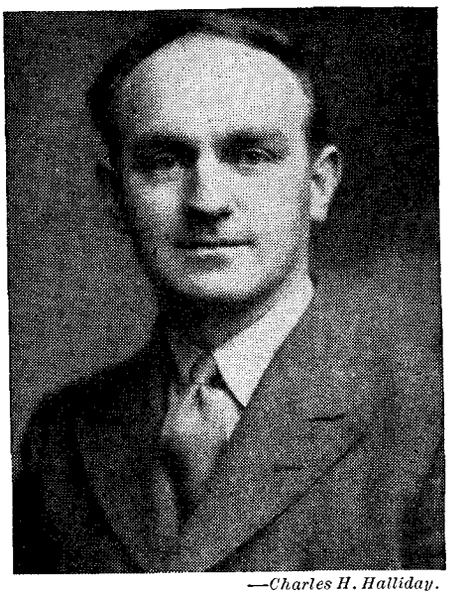
> No, you can't understand. You ain't been away from all that s—— as long as I have. You ain't got the feel of being free. I like this Goddamn country, you know that? I like the hell out of it. It's the first place I was ever treated like a Goddamn man. I know what it is to walk into any place, *any* place, without worrying about whether they serve colored. You know what I learned? That a nigger ain't no different from nobody else. I had to come over here and let the Nazis teach me that. They don't teach that stuff back in the land of the free.

It is the genuine emotion shown in the novel that gives it authenticity, though the reader may suspect that some of these loving German girls were not what the young author thought them to be. He forgets, perhaps, that security of any sort or enough food so that a girl's family could live through another week were the urgent necessities of that first year of Germany's occupation. That William Smith is reporting what he saw and what he heard, there can be little doubt. The quality of his indignation in the book rings true for many reasons, none of which would make sense in a country free from a large alien population. "The Last of the Conquerors" will be attacked with considerable venom. It may be entertaining to read what a few Southern critics have to say about it, since it violates certain principles held to be true and indivisible, that white and black are not equal, and so should not have the same opportunities either in life, or in love, or in hope for the future.



—*Erich Hartmann.*

"Some of these loving German girls" may not have been what William Smith thought them to be.



—*Charles H. Halliday.*

Michael McLaverty "avoids bright green prose" . . . his dialogue is straightforward and natural . . . frequently indigenous.

Triangle of Antagonisms

THE THREE BROTHERS. By Michael McLaverty. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1948. 213 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

FOR those who like their Irish straight, with a little branch-lyricism on the side, Michael McLaverty of Belfast has written an unpretentious, softly-pitched novel of middle-class family life in his home town and the neighboring village of Monabeg. Mr. McLaverty avoids the bright green prose affected by some Irish writers I could name and instead, through a simple, subordinated eloquence, gives dignity and meaning to the commonplace lives of his characters. The dialogue of "The Three Brothers" is straightforward and natural, made frequently indigenous by a sprig of vivid, unaffected idiom ("There's a draught comes under that door that would clean corn."), and the author wisely sees to it that it is kept busy furbishing his characterizations and advancing his quiet narrative.

The three Caffrey brothers, John, Robert, and the dissolute "D.J.," formed a triangle, as it were, of antagonisms. John had a modest draper's shop in Belfast. A simple, home-loving man, the whole of his ambition was centered on his four children and their lives, which were, God willing, to be better than his. Frank was studying at the university for his medical; Anna was a beginning teacher, already rebelling at the rigid, unimaginative educational system; young Brendan was a library assistant, and Eileen, the elder daughter was some day, they all hoped, to be famous for her sweet voice.

Between John and his brother Robert there was more distance than the few Irish miles that separated Belfast from Monabeg. Bob Caffrey had a fine clothing shop in Monabeg, a money-maker, and closer to his heart than any Caffrey. A true miser, paranoiac and obsessed, Bob kept a counterfeit shilling nailed to the shop-counter as a warning to all rapscallions and deprived their half-sister Nelly, who kept house for him, of all pleasures, no matter how simple, if they should entail spending a penny. The only music in Bob Caffrey's life was the sound of the bell over the shop door announcing a customer, and the sweet clink of the silver in the drawer of the till.

And there was "D.J." to plague them both. "D.J." had a beautiful voice and a talent for companionability, but he loved liquor and would steal to get it, and he had a continuing interest in the relative speed of horses. He had long ago disgraced the family by stealing from the bank where he had worked, and since then had lived a ragged, hedge-row life as a tout and cadger. If John would not give him the loan he sought, "D.J." was not above standing before John's neat shop, dirty cap in hand, singing for pennies to annoy him. John despised his rakehell brother because of the shame he had brought to the name of Caffrey, but Bob hated him with a miser's sick hatred because "D.J."

(*Continued on page* 30)

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS AND JOTTINGS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

His Word Is Law

WHEN TOM DEWEY ran for district attorney of New York County in 1937, there were signs posted in a number of polling places in Brooklyn that read: "Dewey is not running in this county." Harassed election officials knew of no other way of convincing hundreds of voters that they were not being deprived of a part of their franchise right. Probably no other purely local candidate ever excited such interest among the voters as did Dewey, then just thirty-five years old, fresh from the cleaning up of Manhattan's rackets. His name had been in screaming headlines almost every day of the two years that he had been special prosecutor . . .

In the nation it was the reams of publicity in the small newspapers all over the country that allowed him, just a district attorney of one county in one city, and a defeated candidate for governor, to go to the Philadelphia convention of the Republican Party in 1940 as the leading contender for the party's Presidential nomination . . . But in the state Dewey, at first the white hope of the party leadership, rapidly became its master. The GOP had been plagued for years by the fact that its basic rural vote would not come to the polls in a non-residential year for an urban New Yorker, and the city voters, Republicans as well as Democrats, never showed any enthusiasm for an upstate "apple-knocker." Dewey seemed the answer to the party's prayer. He could get votes in both places.

His renomination for governor in 1942 was a natural one, and while his chances of getting elected did not look too good in the spring of the year, by the time he was nominated the Democrats had split, with Jim Farley in control of the old organization and with New Dealers backing a third-party ticket. Dewey's election was assured. After he was nominated, with election six weeks away, his campaign manager asked a cynical newspaper reporter what Dewey should do in the way of campaigning. "Break a leg and stay in bed for the duration," he was told . . .

The Democrats in the state just rolled over and played dead when Dewey assumed the governorship. Their state committee was headed at the time by Farley, who was being ignored by the Democratic national administration. His group, having no patronage to give, remained almost dormant until he resigned as state chairman in 1944 . . . They let Dewey go into the 1944 Presidential and 1946 gubernatorial campaigns without even challenging his claims of "tax reduction." Actually, his administration collected hundreds of millions of dollars more in taxes than any administration in history. In the controversial field of state aid for education, Dewey four times claimed and received credit for increasing the amount available, but in reality it was only subsequent increases that exceeded the total appropriated before the GOP, under Dewey's direction, began cutting the educational system . . .

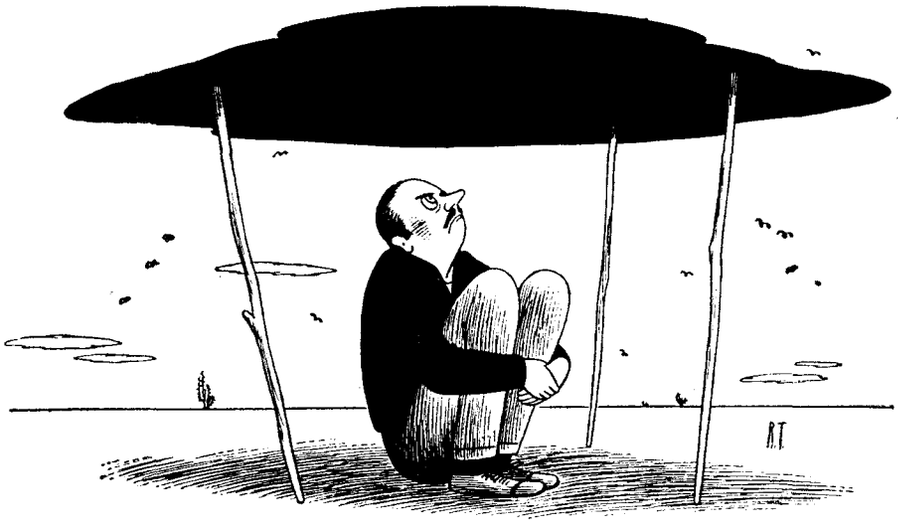
In the years that followed his 1944 defeat, Dewey added to, rather than lost, prestige in the state. Although, while a Presidential probability, he vetoed a state FEPC law at the 1944 session of the Legislature, he generally received credit for the enactment of such a measure—the first in the nation—the following year. He won kudos also for the fact that New York State had its own rent-control law on the books during the period when national controls were temporarily lifted.

He built up the Republican Party organization in New York City, and also up-state, with men with the capacity for getting out the vote, who were also loyal to him. Beyond his administrative ability, which is considerable, is his background as a good trial lawyer. This leads to insistence on being prepared for every possible contingency in the presentation of a case to the jury or an election to the public. He has many weaknesses on the personal side, most of them stemming from the unlimited power or sense of power he had in his first big job, the rackets prosecution His word was law then in New York County, and he made it so later in New York State.

—From "Politics in the Empire State," by Warren Moscow (Alfred A. Knopf).

Obscene Presence

LOVE CASTS out fear; but conversely fear casts out love. And not only love. Fear also casts out intelligence, casts out goodness, casts out all thought of beauty and truth. What remains is the dumb or studiedly jocular desperation of one who is aware of the obscene Presence in the corner of the room and knows that the door is locked, that there aren't any windows. And now the thing bears down on him. He feels a hand on his sleeve, smells a stinking breath, as the executioner's assistant leans almost amorously toward him. "Your turn next, brother. Kindly step this way." And in an instant his quiet terror is transmuted into a frenzy as violent as it is futile. There is no longer a man among his fellow men, no longer a rational being speaking articulately to other rational beings; there is only a lacerated animal, screaming and struggling in the trap. For in the end fear casts out even a man's humanity. And fear, my good friends, fear is the very basis and foundation of modern life. Fear of the much touted technology which, while



—From "I Didn't Know It Was Loaded," by Robert Ruark (Doubleday).

"Modern Architecture," by R. Taylor.

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it raises our standard of living, increases the probability of our violently dying. Fear of the science which takes away with one hand even more than what it so profusely gives with the other. Fear of the demonstrably fatal institutions for which, in our suicidal loyalty, we are ready to kill and die. Fear of the Great Men whom we have raised, by popular acclaim, to a power which they use, inevitably, to murder and enslave us. Fear of the War we don't want and yet do everything we can to bring about.

—*From "Ape and Essence," by Aldous Huxley (Harper).*

Better Than the Bomb

ALL POSSIBLE conservation measures are futile unless human breeding is checked. It is obvious that fifty years hence the world cannot support three billion people at any but coolie standards—for most of them. One-third of an acre cannot decently feed a man, let alone clothe him and make possible control of the hydrologic cycle. When numbers mount, land abuse, as has been shown, mounts with them. Unless population increases can be stopped, we might as well give up the struggle.

A primary need is a completely new approach to contraception. Charles Goodyear's treatment of rubber provided invaluable interim control, and through reduction, though not complete stabilization, of populations has contributed mightily to world peace. If for no other reason, Goodyear deserves a place in the Hall of Fame. But old methods are no longer good enough. In areas like Puerto Rico, where three-quarters of the houses lack running water, current contraceptive techniques cannot possibly be effective; Hindus, with their nineteen dollars income, more in need of birth control than any other people, cannot possibly afford contraceptive devices. A cheaper, dependable method that can easily be used by women is indispensable. If the United States had spent two billion dollars developing such a contraceptive, instead of the atom bomb, it would have contributed far more to our national security while, at the same time, it promoted a rising living standard for the entire world. If such an amount is required to develop a satisfactory contraceptive, it will be a sound investment.

—*From "Road to Survival," by William Vogt (Sloane).*

—*From "I Didn't Know It Was Loaded."*

"Movie Writer."

Time Telescoped

AS I WALKED out of my house past the shiny electric refrigerator, past the mission furniture, past the beds with spun-rubber mattresses, and looked out at the swamp from the piazza, time seemed telescoped, fore and aft, and I felt confused about where I stood in the groove of centuries. The swamps were rank and primeval. One might almost expect a dinosaur to raise his long neck out of the huge ferns. In the labor camp beside the swamp lived a people who ate with their hands and boiled bull-frogs without cleaning them, people who had progressed as far as smelting crude iron from the rocks when the first people found them. The living-room furniture brought us to 1900. The refrigerator, the plumbing, the electric lights, and the house with its concrete and brick and simple horizontal lines were today. I knew that I would have to reconcile myself to these disparities before I could live my days without confusion.

—*From "New Song in a Strange Land," by Esther Warner (Houghton Mifflin).*

Green Pastures and Lucille

MR. GAUSS rose, book in hand, and began reading, while the music played.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters—"

Herbie was suddenly overpowered by a terrible, wonderful new sensation—a tingling all over his body, a feeling of a mighty presence filling the sky and earth about him, and a hot gush of tears to his eyes. A hundred times he had heard these words read in the same voice in school assemblies: dry, meaningless sounds. All at once they seemed tremendous truths. He was in green pastures, beside still waters, with Lucille Glass three feet away, and it all seemed the doing of the Lord God himself, Who was so

Greater Grandeur

HALF a year after war's end, Roosevelt and Hitler dead, Stalin tired, Churchill rejected—here is the
Triumph of the little men. Democracy—shall we say?—has triumphed. They are hastily preparing again
More flaming horrors, but now it is fate, not will; not power-lust, caprice, personal vanity—fate
Has them in hand. Watch and be quiet then; there is greater grandeur here than there was before,
As God is greater than man: God is doing it. Sadly, impersonally, irreversibly,
The tall world turns toward death, like a flower to the sun.
It is very beautiful. Observe it. Pity and terror
Are not appropriate for events on this scale watched from this level; admiration is all.

—*From "The Double Axe and Other Poems," by Robinson Jeffers (Random House).*

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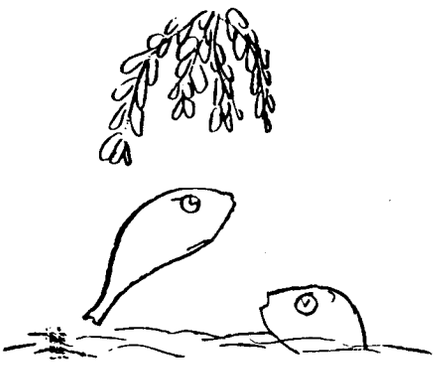


"The Female Snarl and the Male Sulk."

close that He might reach down and pat Herbie's head if He wished.

"He restoreth my soul—"

The words of the psalm penetrated to the boy's heart and vibrated there. He looked around him, wondering if anybody else was caught in this miraculous feeling. Ted and Eddie were whispering together and grinning. Lucille, as soon as he glanced at her, turned her eyes to him with a slightly mischievous smile, then looked down at her fingers in her lap again. Nobody in all the rows seemed rapt. He was alone, evidently, in his exaltation.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I shall fear no evil—"

Herbie closed his eyes. He saw, as clearly as he had been seeing the sunset, the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It was a gaunt, narrow plain covered with bones and broken stones, with straight black cliffs rising on either side as high as the sky, and only a faint greenish light everywhere. He was walking along the plain, which sloped steeply downward into increasing darkness, but he was not afraid.

"Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me—"

A slender rod that came straight down into the valley from the sky was in his hand pulling him gently forward, guiding his steps . . .

Herbie opened his eyes and was actually startled to see the lake, the rows of children, and Mr. Gauss. It was like waking from a dream. The music stopped, and the camp owner hurried through the last lines of the psalm, though Herbie could have begged him to go more slowly, perhaps for the first time since he had become familiar with Mr. Gauss's oratorical manner. Reluctantly he felt the magic fade. He tried to renew, to cling to the strange trance, but the world was looking more and more like itself again.

"Boys and girls," said Mr. Gauss, "here we are again at dear old Camp Manitou. How nice it is to get away from the hot, dirty city and commune in the bosom of nature once more, by the side of our beautiful lake nestled amid the Berwshire Mountains."

"At only three hundred bucks apiece," whispered Ted, "payable in advance."

—From "The City Boy," by Herman Wouk (Simon & Schuster).

War of Wills

AND WHAT of the future? Must the war of wills go on all the rest of our lives? Must we continue to spend our substance, our time, and our intellectual energies in this unproductive business? . . .

We have known for a long time that an unarmed nation invites armed attack. We can now add a corollary—that a nation which lacks the means of political defense invites political attack. There were many reasons why the Soviets chose to wage a war of wills against us, but I wonder whether they would have taken the decision so lightly if they had not seen since the days of Vichy that we did not know how to defend ourselves against hostile propaganda.

The men in the Kremlin are a strange breed, but I do not think they are masochists. When we show them that we can defend ourselves against political attack and can strike back effectively at our assailants, the Soviet attacks will abate. For this reason a grasp of political warfare is one of the essentials for an eventual accommodation with Russia. Naturally, I do not mean that we must wage political warfare as the Soviets wage it. The big lie, or even the little lie, the blatant distortion, the corrosive rumor—these are not our weapons. They are useful only in a strategy of confusion. We shall always have to pursue a different strategy—the strategy of persuasion. We shall have to make sure that our aims are in harmony with the aims of the peoples who want peace, and we shall then have to persuade them to work with us to make the peace secure and productive.

Indeed, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that we must persuade or perish. If we prove unable to persuade, we shall see the nations of the world draw away from us until we are threatened with involuntary isolation, as we were in 1946. Without the partners to preserve peace, without the allies to overwhelm a nation which disturbs the peace, we shall face war in the most unfavorable circumstances. And we shall then have to fight without the prayers of humanity which sustained us and carried us to victory in two world wars. If that should happen in this age of atomic science, who will say that the America we know today will be certain of survival?

—From "Persuade or Perish," by Wallace Carroll (Houghton Mifflin).

The Learned Men

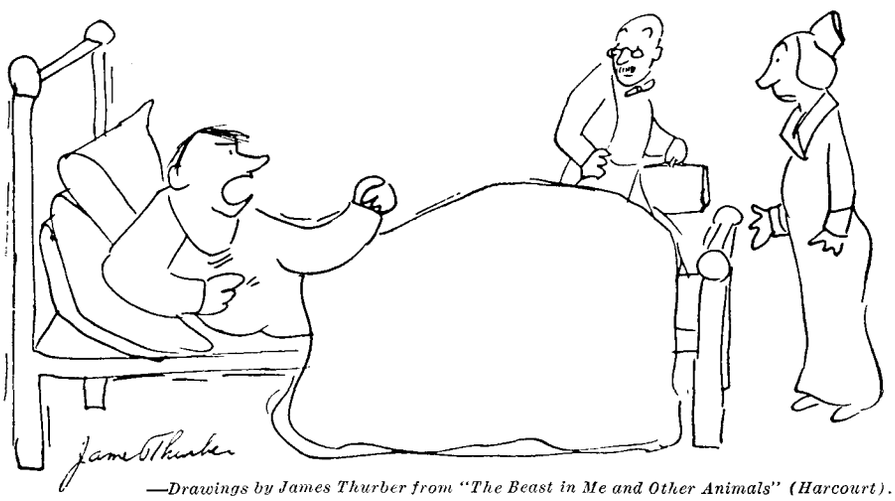
WHOSE minds like horse or ox,
Dispassionate in the stall,
Grow great in girth and wax
Beyond the animal.

While mine, like country hog,
Grows leaner as I age,
Chivvied by flea and dog,
Baited by lover and range.

If mind by God was meant
To grow and gain in girth,
Swelling in sweet content,
I cease, I have no worth:

But if it was God's will
That Mind, no wish refused,
Should waste by wanting still
By God I am well used!

—From "Actfive and Other Poems," by Archibald MacLeish (Random House).



—Drawings by James Thurber from "The Beast in Me and Other Animals" (Harcourt).

"The Patient: A Fit of Temper."

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Personal History. *Of Hitler's "court" Arnold J. Toynbee, historian, once wrote in these pages* (SRL, *Aug. 16, 1947*): *"The picture is one of a monkey-king with monkey-courtiers maneuvering round him for position, perpetually insecure and excruciatingly anxious." Most simian of the courtiers in this "obscene comedy" was Joseph Goebbels. "The Goebbels Diaries"* (SRL *April 24) is followed by a second offering, Curt Riess's biography of Goebbels, reviewed below. Yet how little else has been published on the Nazi interlude since the war! On Goering, Himmler, Hitler himself there is nothing, except H. R. Trevor-Roper's "The Last Days of Hitler." G. M. Gilbert's "Nuremberg Diary," Allen Dulles's "Germany's Underground" and similar books explore the resistance and the aftermath. But the Nazi regime as a whole has been thankfully forgotten by the general reader; the historians have not yet gotten to it.*

Myth-Maker into Myth

JOSEPH GOEBBELS: THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE. By Curt Riess. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1948. 367 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HARLAN HALE

FOR those whom a reading of the fragmentary Goebbels diaries left asking for more, here is a book that picks up the threads and spins the number three Nazi's long, melodramatic tale—complete with his early soul-searchings, his beer-hall brawls, and his Mystery Woman, "Miss X."

The author, who went into Germany with our combat troops, is one of many who rummaged around the ruins of the Propaganda Ministry in Berlin and laid their hands on documents and oddments. In addition he interviewed surviving members of Goebbels's family and office staff, not overlooking the late Herr Doktor's butler. Bent on turning out a highly readable yarn, Mr. Riess concentrated on personal incident and detail, and thus has managed to produce a brisk, although somewhat choppy, scenario. But there is a good deal more to the full story of Goebbels's demonic role than that, and it seems to me that Mr. Riess has missed even more than he has found.

Apart from some interesting backroom and family material dealing with Goebbels's earlier years, he seems actually to have found little that is new. He sheds no fresh light on Goebbels's shadowy role in the 1934 purge. He does not explain the origins and course of Goebbels's furious rivalry with Goering.

Nor does he dig up the background of his equally convulsive and sometimes grotesque feuds with Ribbentrop and Himmler. The story of Goebbels's myriad wartime activities—which led him over and beyond propaganda into undercover operations, espionage, palace intrigue, city administration, fire-fighting, "total mobilization," and what he liked to call "legal reform"—is told much more fully in Goebbels's own diary than by Mr. Riess. Goebbels on Goebbels is often clearer than Riess on Goebbels; the subject was a handier man with a pen than is his biographer.

After opening up with some rather flowery passages that make out the young Goebbels as a Dostoievsky character ("His was the problem of Peter Stepanovitch Verhovensky, who cried out in despair, 'Stavrogin, I am a nihilist, but I love beauty'.") Mr. Riess comes down to earth with an effective picture of the Nazis of the Nineteen Twenties, smashing skulls with beer-steins and spouting grandiose slogans as they climbed up from Germany's gutter. Goebbels, he makes clear, was a late-comer to Hitler's inner circle—a doubter, a cynic, and in sudden surges a contemptuous revolutionary who scoffed at the future Fuehrer as "petit-bourgeois."

But, having pronounced the theme of Goebbels's tortuous leftism, Mr. Riess fails to develop it. Surely it was just this incendiary hatred of all past values, this sardonic desire for subversion and total overthrow that set Goebbels apart from the more obvious racketeers, bully-boys, and perverts who formed so much of Hitler's entourage, and which helped set up those tensions that made Nazi Germany end as a suicidal madhouse. In love with sheer destruction, and with faith in nothing but force, Goebbels was ultimately ready to see even Germany destroyed—and to destroy himself in the process.

Skirting the dank recesses of Goebbels's as well as of Germany's mind, Mr. Riess dwells on his man's outward traits and comes out mildly respecting several of them. "His magnificent command of the German language," we are told, "was equalled by no other Nazi"—which may sound like sarcasm, but isn't. He had, it seems, superior wisdom: he alone "saw further than the generals"; he "pitied" Hitler for his "petty narrow-mindedness"; he was always becoming "dis-

—Wide World.

Der Reichsminister, surrounded by publicity chiefs, looks over "das Goldene Buch" in Posen—"Goebbels on Goebbels is often clearer than Riess on Goebbels."

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gusted" by Nazi mistakes; disasters occurred "just as he predicted."

Goebbels also, says Mr. Riess, "did not want war" (although earlier we are told that "his nationalism spelled enthusiasm for war"). And unlike other Nazis, we are assured, Goebbels was "strict" about money matters and lived simply (although Mr. Riess does admit that he acquired several plush mansions, one of which he had redecorated at a cost of two and one-half million marks.)

Mr. Riess by no means intends to raise Goebbels up, but his book is so uncritical as to have that effect. What has happened is that Goebbels, the myth-maker, has already found a biographer ready to help make a myth out of him.

A Craftsman's Lot

JOHN GOFFE'S MILL. By George Woodbury. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1948. 245 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

THE reconstruction of an old water mill touches the quick of our New England economy. The mill was the focal point of the community's life; more than tavern or country store it supplied the essentials of living in the country—pine boards and corn meal. It was in order to supply himself and his neighbors that in the first half of the eighteenth century the new settler near the Merrimack River in New Hampshire built his mill. When his great-great-great grandson, two centuries later, retreated from the Peabody Museum at Harvard College to the ancestral acres, seeking a rounded life in the country and a means of maintaining it, the temptation to rebuild the ruined mill was great. The hurricane of 1938, which partly wrecked his pine forest, and a sawmill bought by mail from Kansas City and erected by this former anthropologist, provided the lumber. A local mason and his helpers relaid the stone dam, and the man whose business it had been to dig for buried artifacts tells the story of the leak which had brought down the dam with all the zest of the fossil hunter. And he does not fail to appreciate the amusing facets of the woodsman, masons, and millwright who assisted in the reconstruction.

The sawmill installed and running, a gristmill was next in order. Then came grain and flour—these latter, like the mill itself, worked out by the trial and error method. Edible meal was at last ground out and disposed of commercially by this one-man enterprise. Wooden toys followed, and at last furniture.

This is a sound, honest, and humorous book; and any deficiency in literary finish is compensated for by its integrity. There isn't a false note in it. There is no sentimentality, no reference to the mill's past or present usefulness which is not the result of good common sense. Mr. Woodbury is tolerant of the starry-eyed visitors who would try to have the mill restore a romantic past which never was, but he is not amused by the eager modernists who would have him court disaster by enlarging his premises and expanding his business. His is a one-man mill, the craftsman's ideal, where hand and brain work together in the same person.

It is not quite a one-man affair, though, for while he saws logs or grinds grain or makes furniture, his wife, to whom he pays eloquent tribute, experiments with his first cement-like flour, raises a family, and keeps his house in order. Few books have the earthy, woodsy tang of George Woodbury's story, and few bring out so clearly the satisfactions of a craftsman's life.

Of a Vanishing Race

JUNGLE MAN: The Autobiography of Major P. J. Pretorius. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 256 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by JULIAN W. FEISS

ALTHOUGH the career of Major P. J. Pretorius is known to but few in the United States, his exploits are fast becoming a legend in his native land, the Union of South Africa. In 1893, at the age of sixteen, he entered upon his adventurous life by riding transport for the British South Africa Company, which was expanding under the direction of Cecil Rhodes. Pioneering in new territory which has since become Southern Rhodesia, he ventured northward into the unknown regions beyond the Zambesi River, where, before many years, he became one of the greatest elephant hunters and ivory traders.

His knowledge of bush lore, and of the Bantu tribes with which he lived and traded, marked Pretorius as one of the outstanding pioneers of central Africa. This book is his autobiography and in a glowing introduction Field Marshal Jan Smuts pays high tribute to his courage, his military prowess in the East African Campaign against the Germans in World War I, and his extraordinary ability as a scout behind enemy lines.

Students of this half forgotten tropical campaign will find in the opening chapter of "Jungle Man" the account of the trapping of the German light cruiser *Koenigsberg* in the Rufiji River. This is the first time that the part played by Major Pretorius has been told in full. The *Koenigsberg,* immediately after the opening of the conflict in 1914, conducted raiding operations off the coast of East Africa and along the trade routes to India. Sinking and burning merchantmen from the Gulf of Aden to the harbor of Zanzibar, where she destroyed the old British cruiser *Pegasus* while the latter was repairing her engines, the raider suddenly vanished from the seas and for a period all trace of her was lost. Taking refuge in deep water six miles from the mouth of the Rufiji River, in what is now Tanganyika Territory, the *Koenigsberg* was cleverly camouflaged with jungle vegetation to avoid her being spotted by the superior forces of the British Navy which were on the prowl for her in the Indian Ocean. Major Pretorius located the hidden cruiser, plotted her exact position for naval artillery fire, and essentially was responsible for her destruction. The account of this exploit is thrillingly told, unfortunately, in

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the opening chapter, where the story—which is a climactic point in his career—is completely out of sequence.

Major Pretorius died in 1945, and his autobiography was left in the hands of literary executors. Apparently the text was constructed from unfinished notes and, as is often the case, the results leave much to be desired. Those who were privileged to know Major Pretorius will have difficulty recognizing his personality in the almost boastful paragraphs that open his account in Chapter I. His character was personified by modesty and charm, but little of these qualities appear in the opening pages.

The reader who knows his Africa will observe both editorial and factual errors in "Jungle Man." For example, the *Koenigsberg* was located on October 31, 1914, but in the text we find that the Admiralty had no knowledge of her whereabouts in 1915. Those familiar with Northern Rhodesia will be astonished by a statement near the opening of Chapter VI: "Beyond the Zambesi one large range of mountains stretched for hundreds of miles. The sierra was impassible, but here and there were monkey and native paths that led nowhere." If there is a range of mountains in the region that exceeds in height and extent the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia, the best air cartographers and field geologists of Africa have failed to locate it. Both in the index and the text Sir Harry Johnston's name is spelled Johnson. Considering that Sir Harry Johnston was one of Africa's outstanding colonial governers, a world famous author, painter, naturalist, linguist, historian, and statesmen, a mistake in his name is disconcerting. Although these errors may not detract from the story of Major Pretorius, they do reflect adversely the value of the work as an authentic reference.

Despite the lurid title, which is also out of character, "Jungle Man" is exciting reading. As a hunter Pretorius was without peer, and the portions of the book devoted to his big game experiences are exceptionally fine. Major Pretorius was the last of a race of men. He exemplified the best in the pioneering traditions of Africa.

NEW EDITIONS

WHEN, in 1710, the archbishops and bishops of Ireland sent Jonathan Swift to England to beg the queen's generosity towards the Irish clergy, they launched him on the most brilliant period of his career, and made posterity their debtors by giving him the opportunity and stimulation to compose one of his liveliest books.

Swift came to London shortly after the Godolphin ministry had fallen, as a result of Sacheverell's impeachment. Harley and St. John had picked up the reins of government, and party feelings were running high. Indeed, they had never run higher: Whig and Tory ladies were going so far as to proclaim their loyalties by wearing their patches on different cheeks. Literature and politics were interlaced, for both sides needed vigorous writers, and writers were actively courted. Even such a periodical as the *Tatler,* designed for milady's boudoir, had to move into the political arena. Swift, who had been a good but neglected Whig, now became a zealous Tory, and took over the editorship of the *Examiner,* in which he did battle with his former friends. Peace negotiations, which were to end in the Treaty of Utrecht, were being pushed by the Tories and sabotaged by their opponents. Ministers, pledged to Queen Anne and the Protestant succession, busily conspired with a view to Stuart restoration. The Harley government was bedeviled by internal intrigues, with Harley and St. John separated by an ever-widening rift. In short, the political and social pot was boiling at a furious rate, and Swift was right in the midst of the boiling.

He wrote down the record of his busy days and nights (from September 2, 1710, to June 6, 1713) in the series of journal-letters, addressed to Esther Johnson and Rebecca Dingley, which have been known as the "Journal to Stella" ever since Sheridan so named them in 1784. The vivacity, freshness, vigor, colloquial ease, and intimacy of the "Journal" have long made it a favorite of many readers; but we now have a chance to enjoy it more thoroughly than we have ever enjoyed it before, thanks to Harold Williams's new edition: "Journal to Stella" (Oxford University Press, 2 vols., $13.50). Here is the kind of editorial masterpiece that we have almost come to expect from the Clarendon Press of Oxford. Its scholarly features are numerous, but what will be most appreciated by the ordinary reader are the remarkably full notes which explain Swift's multitudinous allusions to persons, places, events, and other subjects. Until now it has been easy to get lost in the "Journal." Henceforward there will be no excuse for such an occurrence.

It has long been fashionable to think of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," if it was thought of at all, as a rather ridiculous yarn, loaded with mawkish sentiment, which became a best seller because of its timeliness and propaganda value. But those who read it in the Modern Library edition ($1.25), with an introduction by the late Raymond Weaver, will realize that it became a best seller for other reasons. In this novel Mrs. Stowe displayed a remarkable narrative gift, she peopled her stage with great vitality, and she managed her big scenes with a courage that carried her through them successfully. In the happy days of civilization, say around 1910, the demoniacal fury of Legree, and Tom's steadfastness in the fact of death, may have seemed a melodramatic invention. But now, when Tom is goaded to betray the whereabouts of two fellow slaves, and we hear him say, "I know, Mas'r; but I can't tell you anything. *I can die!*" we hear the echo of other voices, a host of voices, speaking with the same heroism in the face of totalitarian tortures.

Individual opinions will decide whether or not "The Best of Sherlock Holmes" (Grosset, $1.49) fulfils the promise of its title; but it gives good measure with "A Study in Scarlet," "The Sign of the Four," "A Scandal in Bohemia," "The Red-Headed League," and "The Boscombe Valley Mystery."

"Three's a Crew" (Grosset, $1.49), by Kathrene Pinkerton, is a readable, unpretentious account of one family's seven-year flight from the problems of civilization, by way of a motor cruiser which carried the Pinkertons along the coasts and into the waterways of British Columbia and Alaska. A narrative calculated to make some harried city creatures envious. . . . Murder-mystery Dept.—"Miss Agatha Doubles for Death," by H. L. V. Fletcher; "Murder Heats the Bride," by Anthony Gilbert (Bantam, 25¢ each).

BEN RAY REDMAN.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Book Marks

ANNA KATHARINE GREEN'S "The Leavenworth Case," first published seventy years ago, is structurally as competent an example of its genre as we are likely to get next week, or next year. And it is still readable, if one can discipline himself to endure the Johnsonian cadences of its dialogue. For example: A member of a coroner's jury dares to ask Mary Leavenworth "who is the one most likely to be benefited" by the death of her uncle. She replies:

> I know who would be the greatest losers by it. The children he took to his bosom in their helplessness and sorrow; the young girls he enshrined with the halo of his love and protection, when love and protection were what their immaturity most demanded; the women who looked to him for guidance when childhood and youth were passed—these, sir, these are the ones to whom his death is a loss, in comparison to which all others which may hereafter befall them must ever seem trivial and unimportant.

Another juryman, strangely unaffected by the awful fate that has overtaken his brash fellow, asks Mary if she herself has any suspicions. Without consulting any notes, she offers:

> No; I have neither suspicion nor reason for any. The assassin of my uncle is not only entirely unknown to, but completely unsuspected by, me.

And silence fills the room, broken only by the click of the commas as they drop into place.

The authors of some of our contemporary mysteries will have much to answer for on the day of ultimate accounting, but most of them will at least be able to say that they honestly tried to make people talk like people.

* * *

A recent issue of *Life* pictured John Aloysius Costello, the new Irish premier, receiving the seal of office from Sean T. O'Kelly, president of Eire. The event took place "in Dublin"—presumably in President O'Kelly's office, or perhaps in his library, for six shelves of books form a decorative backdrop. And *The Saturday Evening Post* of the same week showed "Labor Party Boss" Sidney Stringer of Coventry, England, "in home he rents from city at $5 a week," also with six shelves of books for a backdrop. Unfortunately, in neither instance is a single title legible. (Hereafter, photographers, in situations of this sort, kindly use a little wider—or is it narrower?—lens.) President O'Kelly seems to run a little more heavily to sets than Mr. Stringer, but both groups of shelves have the unmistakable air of housing books that are frequently taken down and looked at, and not just to verify somebody's middle initial. This air of use is as readily detectable in a bookshelf as it is in an armchair or a refrigerator.

* * *

Nugget of wisdom from James Russell Lowell's "The Biglow Papers" extended gratis to some recent and any intending reminiscers: "If exercise be dangerous on a full stomach, no less so is writing on a full reputation."

* * *

Running out of story ideas? Hawthorne's "American Note-Books" are full of self-suggestions he never got around to developing:

> In an old house, a mysterious knocking might be heard on the wall, where had formerly been a doorway, now bricked up.
>
> Two lovers, or other persons, on the most private business, to appoint a meeting in what they supposed to be a place of the utmost solitude, and to find it thronged with people.
>
> To describe a boyish combat with snowballs, and the victorious leader to have a statue of snow erected to him. A satire on ambition and fame to be made out of this idea. It might be a child's story.
>
> A company of persons to drink a certain medicinal preparation, which would prove a poison, or the contrary, according to their different characters.
>
> A portrait of a person in New England to be recognized as of the same person represented by a portrait in Old England. Having distinguished himself there, he had suddenly vanished, and had never been heard of till he was thus discovered to be identical with a distinguished man in New England.
>
> A letter, written a century or more ago, but which has never yet been unsealed.
>
> A stray leaf from the book of fate, picked up in the street.
>
> The print in blood of a naked foot to be traced through the street of a town.
>
> The semblance of a human face to be formed on the side of a mountain, or in the fracture of a small stone, by a *lusus naturae* for years or centuries, and by and by a boy is born, whose features gradually assume the aspect of that portrait. At some critical juncture, the resemblance is found to be perfect. A prophecy may be connected.

Better lay off that last one. Hawthorne did get around to it.

* * *

One annoyance encountered in reading a recent novel was to find a lady character asking a gentleman character kindly to remove his arm from around her waist when the reader hadn't even been hold it was there.

* * *

The deadliest misprints are the ones that make sense.

J. T. W.

Documentary

By Sara King Carleton

NOT THE faint pulse, nor footstep faltering,
Nor eyes that dimly watch the days retreat,
Give me the knowledge of that tragic thing,
The ultimate conception of defeat,
But words that tap a crutch, that grasp a stick,
That mumble platitudes which no one hears,
In stale senilities of rhetoric,
The repetitious trivia of the years.

Lost are the records of another self
Reduced to stencil and to mimeograph;
Drawn from their folders on a cluttered shelf,
These documents, abridged, can only half
Identify who wrote upon the page
This curt and crabbed signature of age.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Don't Resign from the Human Race"

SIR: Your editorial, "Don't Resign from the Human Race" [*SRL* Aug. 7], is really beautiful and impressive. You have been able to present the most important problem of our time in a new and challenging form without antagonizing any readers who, politically, may be mostly in a frame of mind not favorable for an objective appraisal of the international situation. I find it encouraging that men like you still exist in our midst.

ALBERT EINSTEIN.

Princeton, N. J.

SIR: While it is an intensely moving piece, it seems to me you have presented the case for world government in a coldly logical way.

ELMO ROPER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Your prosecutor has been careful not to criticize the creeds of the educational profession, which are so responsible for the limitation of scientific and religious education to those things that can be cut, and counted, and measured. Yet your prosecutor judges the common man for his ignorance. But the common man has been too busy laboring to support his family and earn enough more to pay for the professors and preachers who in turn teach his children distortions of the truth.

I would tell your prosecutor that when prosecutors, judges, and scribes of our present civilization begin to think and write of the salvation of the human soul and cease to cry out in despair over the loss or destruction of the physical and material body, and things of the body, the spirit of God's truth will bring wisdom to their minds sufficient to master all of today's problems. . . . No power in heaven or on earth could overthrow a kingdom sustained by the internal harmony of a united desire.

The constant cry for peace, at almost any price, should be changed to, righteousness at any price. For the peace of slavery is no peace at all, but an internal torment of the soul.

CARL B. SMITH.

Laconia, N. H.

SIR: The apex of *SRL*'s usefulness was reached—I sincerely believe—by "Don't Resign from the Human Race." It is soul-stirring, thoughtful, provocative.

This is a piece of writing which must reach the eyes and minds of those who are governing this world—at least to those in our own government, from the President, his Cabinet (particularly the policymakers in our State Department) down to the members of the Senate and the House . . . and then, to every single Delegate and Deputy Delegate to the United Nations.

As a practical step, I would be desirous of seeing to it that each of these individuals receive such a copy with a letter imploring them to read it and study it. Would you be good enough to let me know what the cost would be for the entire mailing to be undertaken by your office or special letter company? I should like to foot the bill.

JESSIE I. FUCHS.

Forest Hills, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Fellow citizens! Are you tired of having to pay five cents a pound for meat? Ten cents for butter? Twelve cents for eggs? Then vote for . . ."

SIR: The argument of your editorial seems to be based on the obvious, but widespread, fallacy that the late war was destructive of the human race.

But the fact is that the total population of Europe increased by some ten millions *during the war years.*

It is evident, then, that the margin of permissible error is widening, not narrowing. We can indulge in the pleasure of manslaughter on a vastly greater scale than we achieved in the last war before we check the natural increase of mankind.

A majority of the inhabitants of Hiroshima survived; the atomic bomb is not enough.

GERALD W. JOHNSON.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *We agree with Mr. Johnson that there will probably be some survivors of the next atomic war. What would seem to be important, however, is whether life under those circumstances would be worth living. Not only war, but the works of man and the possibilities for progress, are involved.*

SIR: *SRL* should be commended highly for the consistent position it has taken to bring awareness of man's place in the Atomic Age . . .

The implications of this age should be etched with acid upon the minds of every magazine reader in the United States, and beyond if possible. Furthermore, if we can have national baby weeks and flower weeks and marble weeks and a hundred other assorted weeks, why not have an Atomic Awareness Week, during which the radio could also be enlisted to make clear the issues involved? This may be too much to expect one publication to promote, but come atomicatastrophe, and there will be *no* publications.

ROY P. FAIRFIELD.

Lewiston, Me.

SIR: May I congratulate you on the masterful way you brought home the most vital issue of our day!

To begin with, I like being addressed in the second person . . . You make the prosecuting attorney point his finger at *me,* and best of all, I don't feel so helpless as before. Your prescription spells a cure . . . at least the best cure to date, and one filled with common sense. I only hope I get mad enough to become contagious. I've taken the whole thing as a personal affront . . . And I'm not resigning . . . !

INEZ E. RAFETTO.

Meadowbrook, Pa.

SIR: I am afraid I must confess I am *for* the prosecutor. As far as I am concerned, he won his case. The defense was weak, built mostly around hope. But then, of course the prosecution had all the evidence and the defense practically none. Indeed, where could it have gotten any evidence to bolster its stand?

No, I'm not bitter . . . just sorry . . . and sorrowfully aware of the truth of the prosecutor's arguments. Would that the defense had a position built a

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little more on facts, less on wishful thinking.

In my sorry state of mind, I can find solace only in this: that man is in a lowly stage of evolution and that thus far the pains he has experienced are growing pains. The conflicts, the blunders, the disjointedness, all these are part of the transition to the next higher stage. When this will come to pass I do not know. I don't know if it ever will.

However, I doubt if the rather superficial overtures at world government—before man is psychologically and morally ready for it—will do much good. But I'd rather make those overtures than resign from the human race.

DAVID WIERNIK.

Chicago, Ill.

SIR: One does not have to be awakened from a state of lethargy to become excited over your excellent editorial. You have written a document which should make history. Every single person able to read should have a copy of it. I beg of you, reprint it—reprint it often—it is the equivalent of being taken by the shoulders and given a violent shaking. It's superb!

GERTRUDE DUERRE.

Englewood, N. J.

SIR: The human race is not indictable. It is not, nor can it be, guilty of anything. But that there are persons and groups of persons upon this earth who are guilty of this and that, I do not doubt for a moment. I have noticed often enough that in this world there are oppressors and oppressed. The oppressors are guilty of something quite definite. If the oppressed are guilty of something also, I do not know what it is. In any event, it cannot amount to much.

Haling of the entire human race into court need not worry the wicked. On the contrary, they should derive considerable aid and comfort from it. For, as an anonymous entity, nothing quite equals the human race. Within the shelter of that anonymity, the truly guilty will find themselves quite comfortable—and safe from detection.

BERNARD BRESLAUER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: Congratulations on your terrific soul-stirring call to reason. What you have to say makes so much good sense that every newspaper in the land ought to reprint it.

WILLIAM TARG.

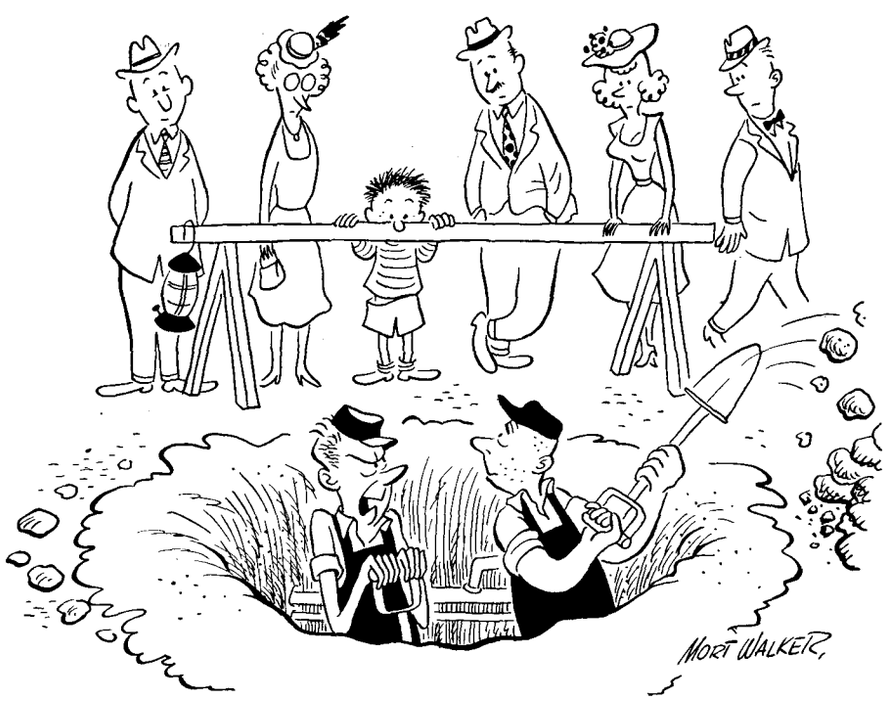
New York, N. Y.

SIR: There is a little waitress in the luncheonette I have my meals in who runs around for eight hours a day giving us workers our food. She works with sweat on her brow and her brow in furrows. That little woman is all energy and purpose. You ought to see her at the end of the day's stint. She is dressed to kill—to slay some man, who will help to give her a home and children.

She is not betraying the human race. She doesn't know that there are intellectual agonies and spiritual agonists. She is not obsolete. The human race that works is not obsolete. The human race does not resign from the human race. I happen to be a workingman who works for a living teaching school; and, thus, I come into contact with the intellectuals by way of magazines like yours. I meet other teachers who read your magazine and other magazines where agonizing has become a regular routine. What's the trouble? Well, our schools stink. Our teacher-intellectuals are about as apathetic and selfish and myopic and timid and cowardly and negligent of moving ideas in a very intellectual way as can be. Our intellectualism stinks. What makes a teacher read your article and your magazine and then do nothing? Bah.

MARTIN WOLFSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.



"The next thing you know we'll be wearing makeup for television."

SIR: If World Government ever becomes a reality, your place in history is assured. But I'm doubtful that this masterpiece will bear results commensurate with the time and effort that went into it. In the first place, your remarkable magazine has not, unfortunately, the cirulation necessary to cause more than a ripple in public opinion. Secondly, even if it should be reprinted widely, I frankly believe that it would be passed over by the large majority of readers. . . . My circle of business and social friends, though of average or better-than-average intelligence, show very little disposition to discuss UN, inflation, Presidential candidates and other pressing public issues, let alone World Government.

It would seem to me that a more practical way to convey to the rank and file the reasonableness and urgency of W.G. would be through the means of a syndicated column in as many newspapers as the votaries of W. G. could convert to this ideal; this column would, of necessity, be written on a medium level of readability in order to capture and retain the maximum reading audience. At the same time, it would have to carry a two-fold message: 1. The stark urgency of W. G., 2. The relative facility with which this could be attained.

L. M. BOUDREAU.

Woonsocket, R. I.

SIR: More and more people everywhere agree with your thesis and with the definite need for action now.

More and more people are demanding world federation, even though it should mean personal sacrifice to themselves.

More and more people are demanding the complete abolition of military struggle that can only be brought about by a strong world government and a just moral code.

Therefore may I ask that you now propose, as a sequel to your editorial, a definitive program which individuals may follow, leading possibly to a world convention of those who would establish such a world federation, not excluding any group or state. My only suggestion, most humbly submitted, is that such a convention be motivated, to as great extent as possible, by the youth of the world, as being those who can best understand and reckon with the forces of the atomic age, and as being those who have longest to live in it.

GEORGE CONKLIN.

Wallingford, Conn.

Brighter Note's Origin

SIR: You reprinted an editorial July 24 entitled "A Brighter Note at S.U.I." and attributed it to the *Des Moines Register & Tribune*. This is in error. The editorial in question was written by Edwin B. Green, managing editor of the *Iowa City Press-Citizen*, where it appeared originally May 27. It subsequently was reprinted

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in the *Des Moines Register* with full credit given to the *Iowa City Press-Citizen.*

W. T. HAGEBOECK,
Publisher, *Iowa City Press-Citizen.*

Iowa City, Ia.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Our apologies to the Iowa City Press-Citizen.*

Bummel

SIR: I'm with you all the way in the project of returning some good, old obsolete words to modern usage [*SRL* July 10]. To this end I dashed off the following stanzes:

THE BUMMEL AND THE TAVERNER

Forswat and forswunk, the bummel toltered
His barrel-fever to assuage.
The sloomy, nappy taverner
Filled the jug-bitten gowk with rage.

The sumph did strome, then raxed for food,
The which he slorped till he was stodged,
Then maffled, "'Tis a misexpense;
I have misgone, misfared, mislodged."

The janglesome, toitish fibster left,
Progging and thrumping through the crowd,
While little suckerels, att he felth
Of this old house, did gowl aloud.

The tireling taverner, a chuff,
Said, "Fret me not with smithers and smatters;
Yon bangling jabbernowle is gone;
Let us get back to serious matters."

MYKIA TAYLOR.

Willow Grove, Pa.

Afro-American Literature

SIR: In *SRL* July 10, a future alumnus of Princeton University makes request for "Negro literature." What breed of literature is that? I have, for one, never heard of "white literature." The Arthur Schomberg Collection, New York Public Library, 104 W. 136 Street, New York City, might be of great assistance to persons seeking literary works by authors of African descent, not only in America but elsewhere.

JOHN L. BRYAN.

New York, N. Y.

"The Women Are Coming"

SIR: I think in your editorial [*SRL* July 17] there is an error of understatement, the correction of which might, if anything, make the editorial stronger. You wrote, "That one of our Representatives who took her husband's place is certain to be the second woman ever elected to the Senate. . . ."

Margaret Chase Smith, Representative from Maine, did not ease comfortably into her seat in the House by virtue of an appointment thereto following her husband's death, as has been the situation, which you point out, with respect to some of the feminine members. She entered a smartly contested primary election and won out in a field made imposing by the competition of the strongest male political figures of that district. She won handily.

WILLIAM B. MILLS.

Jacksonville, Fla.

Ideas and Studies.

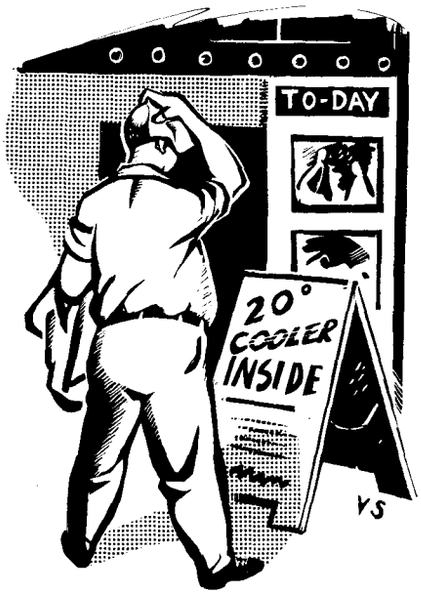
"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" is a phrase which is hackneyed in the saying but deeply true in its meaning. One cannot take one's government or one's society for granted, yet the tendency in this country is to do so—reinforced by a lingering belief in the laissez faire *concept of "let nature take its course." We review below three searching studies in government and society with an immediate bearing on these times. We recommend another recently published book, which is also of great interest in this context. William Hollister's "Government and the Arts of Obedience" examines the methods by which governments exact obedience from the governed, and divides these into half a dozen general classifications, beginning with compulsion and ending with custom. Here is a useful scale to measure the changing relations between people and state.*

Leashed Power

CONSTITUTIONAL DICTATORSHIP: Crisis Government in the Modern Democracies. By Clinton L. Rossiter. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1948. 322 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GARRETT MATTINGLY

THIS book shows "how . . . the methods of dictatorship have been used by the free men of the modern democracies during periods of severe national emergency" in accordance with the axiom that "no form of government can survive that excludes dictatorship when the life of the nation is at stake." Mr. Rossiter means "democracy," of course, in its old-fashioned, "bourgeois" sense; in "true democracies" on the new Russian model, which normally eschew any checks whatever on the absolute power of the state, the problem of crisis government does not arise. But under any sort of free constitutional government, democratic or not, it does.



The Roman Republic had to face it in its infancy, and the Roman solution provides such a perspicuous example of "constitutional dictatorship" that Mr. Rossiter rightly devotes a long first chapter to it. When the city was in grave danger the Romans appointed a dictator whose wide powers superseded the morally cumbrous and complicated machinery of the Republic and enabled prompt, decisive, unhampered action. But the dictatorship was constitutional because public laws specifically provided how the dictator was to be chosen and under what circumstances, what powers he was to have during his term of office, and how long he could exercise them. The purpose of all this was to give the government all necessary freedom of action in an emergency, and still save the rights of the people from attrition by the pressure of recurrent crises. During their centuries of free self-government the Romans often employed this device of constitutional dictatorship; not once did it threaten to overthrow their normal institutions.

All modern constitutional governments have found some similar device necessary, though its nature and the explicitness of the laws providing for it have varied according to the character and traditions of the people concerned. Mr. Rossiter confines himself to examining four types of modern experience with constitutional dictatorship: that of Germany under the Weimar Republic, that of France since 1875, that of Great Britain since Waterloo, and that of the United States, beginning with Lincoln's crisis government during the Civil War. Each case study throws fresh light on the central problem, on the occasions for crisis government, and the advantages and dangers of different ways of providing for it. Each also illuminates,

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sometimes amusingly, the different political temperaments and habits of the people of four nations.

Thus, English crisis government, based on old statutes like the Riot Act and new ones like DORA, was simply a draft on the vast reservoir of parliamentary power. Dangerously informal and easy to invoke, casual, traditionalist, and not altogether logical, it nevertheless proved flexible and efficient in action, and never got seriously out of hand. The French *état de siège* was by contrast logical and clearly defined, the growth of explicit historic experience, ruthlessly precise in use, but perhaps too rigid, limited and suspiciously watched over for rapid adjustment to changing circumstances. The American method of crisis government has tended to be improvised, pragmatic, *ad hoc,* and based in general on the optimistic view that some legal justification can be found later on.

Of the four nations only the Germans, in framing the Weimar Constitution, really analyzed the theory of constitutional dictatorship and in consequence of their analysis explicitly provided in their fundamental law (in the famous Article 48) for full and adequate emergency powers. Having done so, they characteristically neglected to prescribe the details by law, as they said they were going to do, but trusted instead to the superior wisdom of the high authorities concerned, so that Germany alone among modern democracies saw her free institutions destroyed by the very device created to preserve them.

If Mr. Rossiter's book had merely described and analyzed these four experiences, it would have performed a considerable service to all students of modern history and political theory. But in addition Mr. Rossiter undertakes to estimate the utility of this experience for our country today. He points out that the rapid pace of contemporary events makes the occurrence of economic and military crises likely to be more abrupt and more severe than in the past, and he warns us that our previous methods of crisis government may prove dangerously inadequate. Finally he formulates the general principles which we must consider if we expect to provide by law for future emergencies, and at the same time safeguard our fundamental freedoms from authoritarian encroachments. This is a valuable contribution to what is perhaps the most important problem of our age. Happily, the presentation is worthy of the subject. The prose is easy, urbane, unpedantic, and the importance of Mr. Rossiter's argument is brought home by its clear, calm, balanced, and thoughtful statement.

Only through Controls

FREEDOM AND THE ADMINSTRATIVE STATE. By Joseph Rosenfarb. New York: Harper & Bros. 1948. 274 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by MILTON R. KONVITZ

MR. ROSENFARB, a specialist in labor arbitration and author of "The National Labor Policy," makes an interesting contribution to political science and administrative theory. He sets forth the thesis that the need for Government regulation and planning of our economy is urgent, immediate, and permanent, and that this need can be filled without doing violence to private enterprise or to our democratic philosophy and institutions. He believes that economic regulation and planning by the Government are inevitable. Such regulation and planning constitute the administrative state. The administrative state is, therefore, inevitable. But democracy and private enterprise are not inevitable; for the administrative state may coexist with totalitarianism and with nationalization of property and productive means. Democracy and private enterprise will coexist with the administrative state only if we stand immovably committed in their favor.

To explain and sustain his thesis, the author analyzes the nature of the state, capitalism, planning, full employment, political and economic democracy, and other concepts and institutions. At the center of planning, he believes, should be the aim to achieve full employment; full employment can be achieved only if we have a stabilized economy; stabilization can be achieved only through price and wage controls. In other words, the controls we employed during the war should become permanent features of our economic system.

—*Justus in* The Minneapolis Star.

"Ever-Blooming."

Does this mean the "managerial revolution," with dominance vested in the managerial class, who will control the instruments of production? Mr. Rosenfarb does not believe that this result is a necessity. Security does not need to be bought at the price of freedom; the managers can be compelled to manage under law, and the law can be the free expression of the will of a free people.

The author examines the role of labor and is critical of the Taft-Hartley Act. Notwithstanding his attack on the act, he believes that labor has, as a result of the development of modern technology, lost the right to strike in key industries. "In an economy, such as ours," says the author, "which places so great a premium on full and continuous employment, large-scale strikes are not a phenomenon which government can observe without positive intervention to do away with and render unnecessary." Lacking the right to strike (as a matter of fact, if not as a matter of law), labor in key industries does not enjoy genuine private collective bargaining; under these circumstances, unless the employer is to have complete control of the labor contract, it is imperative that machinery be provided for effective Government intervention to protect and further the interests of labor. Collective bargaining, guaranteed by the Wagner Labor Relations Act, is, therefore, futile if it stands alone; for it cannot lead to adequate social security and full employment. To achieve them we must have a planned economy. To achieve freedom in a planned economy, it is necessary to see labor in a prominent political role; to achieve a planned economy despite freedom, it is necessary to coordinate the executive and legislative branches of the Federal Government, perhaps on the pattern of the British Government by Parliament-Cabinet.

Mr. Rosenfarb with this book joins the school of economic and administrative thought led by Herman Finer, Barbara Wooton, and John Maurice Clark. His book has the great merit of posing some of the most significant problems of our day directly and provocatively.

Milton R. Konvitz, Cornell professor, is editor of Industrial and Labor Relations Review.

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Hocus-Pocus Throughout History

THE MIRROR OF MAGIC: A History of the Magical Ideas and Practices of the Western World. By Kurt Seligmann. New York: Pantheon Books. 1948. 504 *pp.* $8.50.

Reviewed by PADRAIC COLUM

ALTHOUGH this book is encyclopedic it has not the dryness of a work of reference; it deals with a fascinating subject in an entertaining way. The author is an artist who writes out of a life-long interest in magic; for him magic, or to be more general, the picture of the world that, so to speak, rationalizes magic, is one of the great creations of the human imagination—"a living tradition which has permeated religion, politics, philosophy, and, above all, the arts." He aims at confining his subject to Europe and to the Christian period, but he has had to make excursions among the Arabs, the Chinese, the Persians, the Jews of the post-Christian period, and has had to open with a fairly extensive account of the magic of Mesopotamia, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, and proceed through Greece, the Roman Empire, and the sect that was the carrier for so many magical ideas and practices, Gnosticism.

His account of magical ideas and practices in Europe opens with alchemy. The art came into the West in the second century A.D. But it was with the coming into Europe of the Hermetic books, the revelations ascribed to "thrice great Hermes," that the alchemists received that body of esoteric doctrine that gave them devotees through generations, and these came some centuries later.

How did the metaphysical speculations of the alchemists, the cabalists, the Rosicrucians fit with the apparently anarchic practices of the witches of the Middle Ages? Kurt Seligmann speaks of the magic of the Rosicrucians and the cabalists as symbolizing "man's power over the material world, and the belief that through thought and action he could ascend into the realms of brotherhood." The attempt to gain power over the material world through thought and action was in witchcraft, too.

Witchcraft was not obtrusive in the early ages of Christian Europe. To be sure, there were workers in evil magic, but they were dealt with in a manner that later seemed to be of extraordinary leniency. "Together with the devil the witch made her entrance into the Middle Ages," Kurt Seligmann writes, dating the entry in the eleventh century. Then until the eighteenth, when belief was still common that witches could fly with the speed of wind, Europe was under increasing terror of witchcraft, a terror that was added to by wholesale persecutions. If magic may be regarded as a system that existed side by side with Christianity, it had as many martyrs as the early Church, probably many, many more. One of the few good things that could be said for Louis XIV was that he stopped trials for witchcraft, and when his courts had to deal with the sacrifice of infants in the Black Mass he put the practitioners on trial not as witches but as criminals.

Originally what afterwards came to be witches' sabbath was a revival of the old pagan cults, the unextirpated religion of the villages and the heaths. But "the sabbath became sinister when the old pagan rites were no longer considered the revival of a decayed past but evil activities born of heresy and witchcraft." The country people had their memories of the divinities that we know as Pan, Diana, Janus. As long as Christianity meant an order in which villagers and farm people could feel themselves a part, their recourse to these was intermittent. But when church and state pressed too heavily upon them they were drawn back to the traditional divinities. Then came the Black Death which made it seem that the divinity of the church and state was powerless. It was then that the sabbath became "the evil activities born of heresy and witchcraft." The terror created by repressions, a terror that went on for generations in countries that had become Protestant as well as in countries that remained Catholic, made people the more eager to join with the gods of the underworld, now frankly devils. In the meantime, for the learned there were beliefs derived from neo-Platonism, Gnosticism, and the Jewish scholars of the Cabbala.

The rise of interest in the Cabbala is another example of the persistence of belief in the world picture of magic. The Hebrew prophets had done more than any other spiritual and intellectual leaders to wean people away from it, and had created a spiritual and ethical world separated from the magical worlds of Egypt and Babylon. And yet Jewish scholars in the post-Christian period formed out of Gnosticism a magical picture that for long influenced the higher minds of Europe.

The erudition of "The Mirror of Magic" is enormous—even the assembling of two hundred and fifty pictures all relevant to the text is in itself a work of learning. Kurt Seligmann's approach to his subject is esthetic. He recognizes that magical wisdom was "not a wild, anarchic, purely subjective play of the imagination, but rather a systematic world view attempting to synthesize all knowledge, and re-establishing itself in every era." On its higher levels this wisdom led to a reinforcement of man's faith in himself and to investigation of a kind. What the alchemists dreamt of has now come true: metals have been transmuted and even new elements have been brought into existence. Poets like Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Yeats brought exciting directions into poetry through their study of magic. Perhaps in this age of arbitrary forces we need a mirror of magic, a mirror such as portrait painters use to show their sitter upside down and so correct something in appearance and proportion.

—*CBS.*

My Current Reading

Helen Hayes, actress, first appeared on the stage at the age of six, and has taken a great many leading roles since. She is the wife of Charles MacArthur, the playwright. Miss Hayes tells us that she was led to read Seutonius's "Lives of the Caesars" because of her enthusiasm for Thornton Wilder's "The Ides of March."

THE GATHERING STORM, *by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin)*

27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON, *And Other One-Act Plays, by Tennessee Williams (New Directions)*

EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE, *by Marcia Davenport (Scribner's)*

THE LOVED ONE, *by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown)*

GHOSTS IN IRISH HOUSES, *by James Reynolds (Creative Age)*

SHORT STORIES OF JOSEPH CONRAD

CRY, THE BELOVED COUNTRY, *by Alan Paton (Scribner's)*

THE IDES OF MARCH, *by Thornton Wilder (Harper)*

SEUTONIUS'S LIVES OF THE CAESARS

THE MEANING OF TREASON, *by Rebecca West (Viking)*

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Comprehensive Malady

SOCIETY AS THE PATIENT. By Lawrence K. Frank. New Brunswick: Rutgers University Press. 1948. 395 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by ASHER BRYNES

FOR MORE than twenty-five years Dr. Frank has been an indefatigable contributor to learned journals and a recurrent appearer at meetings of learned societies. On these occasions he has stressed a general point of view. His addresses and writings have been pleas for the reintegration of the social order through a pooling of the insights and methods of the various expert workers in art and literature and the inexact sciences. He has broadened the mental horizons of many specialists: this book, for instance, is introduced by an educator, praised by an anthropologist, and welcomed by a philosopher. Here thirty of his theses or papers are assembled in a single publication, and the plain reader is invited to the feast.

The plain reader will find it hard going. The portions are too small, and too numerous; and every time another article is served a new cloth is laid on the table. Such repetitions were barely noticeable, of course, when these essays were printed at intervals in almost as many separate magazines. In the present case they are a distraction. The simplicity of Dr. Frank's message is obscured, which is a pity because that virtue is precisely the thing which a lay reader is best equipped to appreciate.

Dr. Frank views all psychological and social ailments, that is to say every kind of misbehavior, including stomach ulcers, as human reactions to cultural disintegration. He emphatically denies that they are due to individual misdeeds. Nobody is guilty of anything; guilt is an outmoded conception. When a man is at odds with himself or at loggerheads with society either he or the society or both are maladjusted; and mostly it is the society. An entire social order can succumb to chaos and confusion; indeed our own is in such a state. Wars are merely the most obvious symptom of this comprehensive malady.

In our attitudes toward political life we cherish a mistaken belief in the soundness and efficiency of representative government. In our economic affairs we nurse a preference for free enterprise, the money and credit economy, the price system "with its supposed free play of economic forces and the law of supply and demand." In our family lives we likewise ascribe our good fortune or, conversely, blame our troubles on acts of individual wickedness or guilt in ourselves or others. Finally in the law courts, where the worst of such symptomatic evils are treated, we incriminate the prisoner at the bar instead of censuring the inadequacy of our judicial and penal processes.

> In every aspect of our social life we find the same pattern of thought about our society: that our social ills come from individual misconduct (and) these conceptions have dominated both lay and professional thinking for . . . three hundred years.

The last statement is open to serious objection on historical grounds; the Christian code of personal morality, responsibility, and redemption has dominated our thinking for two thousand years. But let us follow the argument. Dr. Frank says that if we continue to view the *individual* and *society* separately, as thinkers have been prone to do in the past, we will never be able to put an end to the conflict between both. We will have to agree with our forefathers that the "dilemma of the individual versus society" is in fact unresolvable. But we do not have to think so; the newer social sciences (psychiatry, psychoanalysis, psychology, cultural anthropology, and sociology) teach otherwise. Between those polar terms they disclose an intermediate factor.

Dr. Frank defines *culture* as the pattern of beliefs, assumptions, and practices whereby the behavior of the individual toward the group, or his behavior toward other individuals, is so directed as to make the best bargain

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

HOW IS YOUR RHETORIC?

Helen Pettigrew, of Charleston, Ark., submits thirty assorted titles, in each of which the name of a different form of writing has been omitted. If you get them all right you are entitled to a madrigal in your honor, but less than twenty-five earns you a threnody. Answers are on page 35.

1. George Ade: "..... in Slang"
2. Philip Barry: "The Philadelphia ....."
3. James Boswell: "..... of Dr. Johnson"
4. Elizabeth Barrett Browning: "..... from the Portuguese"
5. William Jennings Bryan: "..... at the Democratic Convention"
6. Robert Burns: "..... to the Unco Guid"
7. Coleridge: "..... before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouni"
8. William Cowper: "..... on a Hare"
9. Thomas De Quincy: "..... of an English Opium-Eater"
10. Charles Dickens: "A Child's ..... of England"
11. Ernest Dowson: "..... of His Lady's Treasures"
12. Edward Fitzgerald: "The ..... of Omar Khayyam"
13. John Galsworthy: "The Forsyte ....."
14. Thomas Gray: "..... Written in a Country Churchyard"
15. Nathaniel Hawthorne: "Tanglewood ....."
16. Washington Irving: "The ..... of Sleepy Hollow"
17. John Keats: "..... on a Grecian Urn"
18. Rudyard Kipling: "Departmental ....."
19. Charles Lamb: "A ..... Upon Roast Pig"
20. Sidney Lanier: "..... of the Chattahoochee"
21. Abraham Lincoln: "..... to Mrs. Bixby"
22. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: "A ..... of Life"
23. John Milton: "Comus: A ....."
24. Samuel Pepys: "....."
25. Alexander Pope: "An ..... on Man"
26. Sir Walter Scott: "The ..... of the Last Minstrel"
27. George Bernard Shaw: "Fanny's First ....."
28. Edward Rowland Sill: "The Fool's ....."
29. William Makepeace Thackeray: "The ..... of Bouillabaise"
30. Sen. George Graham Vest: "..... on the Dog"

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or achieve the fairest balance between his need for self-fulfilment and everybody else's requirement of "social responsibility." Cultural analysis reveals that human conduct is not volitional, that it is actually controlled by the way the individual absorbs the traditional concepts of the group and, accordingly, carries out his life-processes. The net of it is that since individuals are formed by the culture of their time we know where to look for the fault if they behave as if they were formed wrong.

The location of our troubles lies in our culture. It has disintegrated. Furthermore, the analysis of our cultural discords also provides, in addition to diagnosis, the hope of cure. To begin with, it transfers the focus of attention from the apparently perverse person to the cultural pattern, and explodes the doctrine of individual responsibility and guilt. Finally it leads to the identification of society as the patient. We are thus relieved of our personal anxiety and simultaneously find the problem of social integration reduced to manageable proportions.

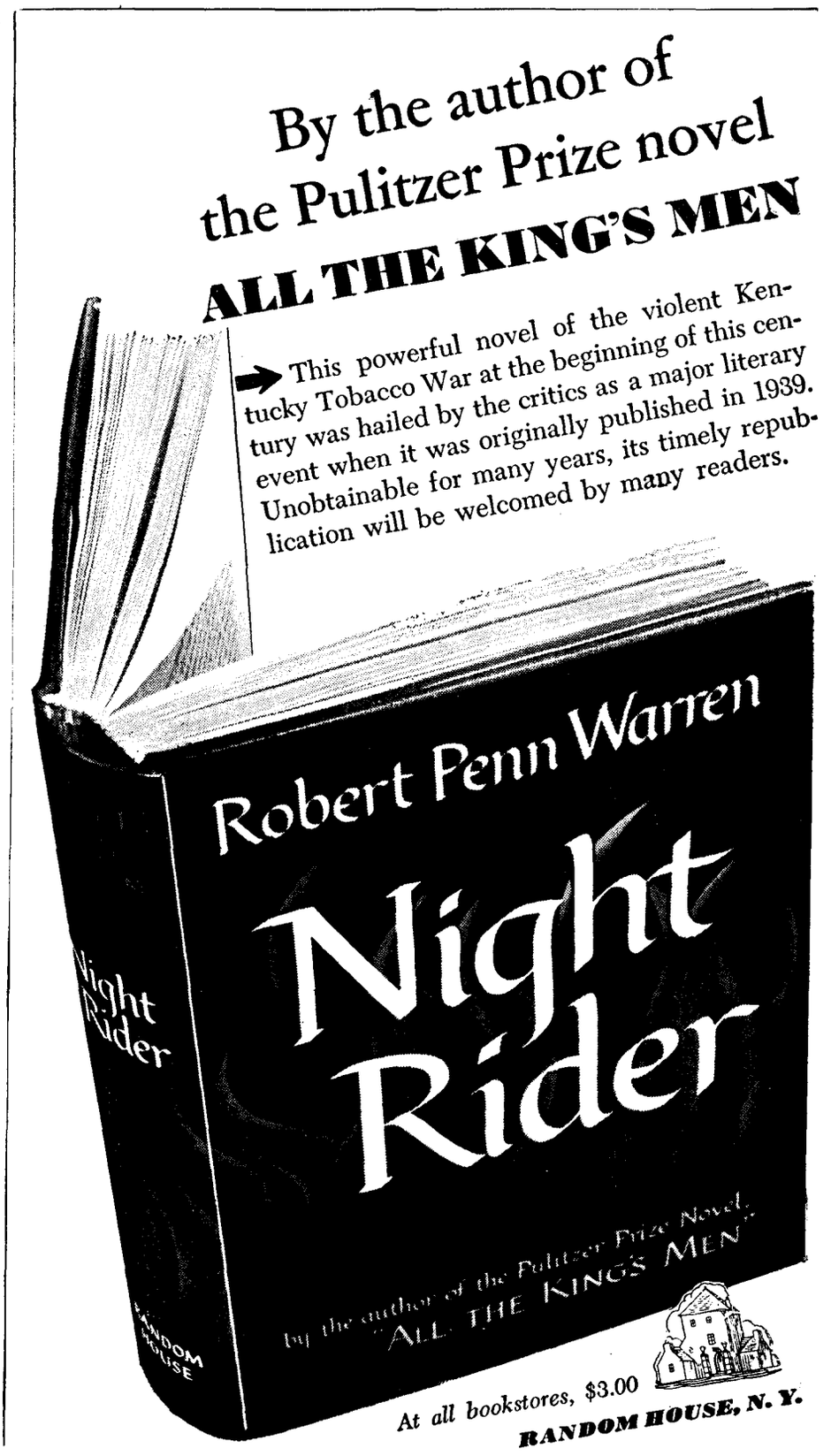
The new social orders abroad, says Dr. Frank (writing in 1936 when they were Fascism, Nazism, and Communism), have already initiated the program of deliberate cultural reintegration. All of these social orders agree that the idea of human volition must be relinquished, and they forbid it. And while it must be admitted that "their specific aims and frequently ruthless execution of these programs affront our sensibilities we must acknowledge that they are experimenting with cultural reorganization, the task we must also undertake." The emergence of the doctrine of cultural responsibility will bring about another cycle of human history, another great step forward.

The author's summary conclusion is brief:

> In helping the individual to realize that his personal fulfilment will come through and in the social life we are moving toward a reinstatement of the ancient doctrine of group responsibility and a recognized status for the individual with increasing individual subordination and allegiance to the group . . . we are replacing contract by status (and) the process is under way.

Thirty-five years ago these ideas would have seemed odd to any citizen of the Western world; it comes as a shock to realize that, as stated here, they are only twelve years old. We have certainly lived through a great deal. Replace contract (meaning self-government) by status (meaning the dictate of the group) and call it progress?

Why, the man himself says it is ancient stuff. Of course, croaked the new Rip Van Winkle, hopping through this reviewer's window in the plumage of Poe's raven. Before I fell asleep for a generation, he continued, I flew over Egypt and saw what's left of the most perfect society of status ever created by man. The only names of the people who lived in it that anybody could remember were those of the kings, called pharaohs. The only tales that anybody could tell of it were that it must have taken thousands of men hundreds of years to pile up those big pyramidal tombstones for those same kings, called pharaohs. Then he rapped out his familiar chorus, more like an oath than a quote, and departed.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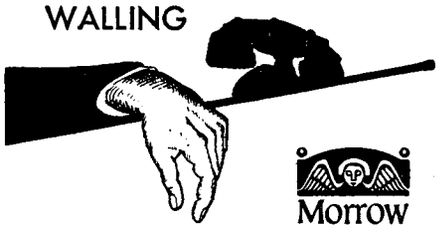

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 15)

thought so little of money and so much of squandering it.

Inevitably, the three brothers move toward each other in conflict. In the storm center stood the vivid, indomitable figure of Nelly Caffrey, hating their hatred and fighting the stiff pride which hardened the brothers against each other. At the close of the book, at Bob Caffrey's death, things have changed in the Caffrey family: some of the best in "D.J." has begun to show, John Caffrey has had a lesson in forgiveness, and Nelly has found the peace which comes with acceptance.

Something more should be said about this honest, unspectacular little novel which, if it does not necessarily stir the blood, commands respect and steadily enlists the sympathies. Mr. McLaverty writes always well and at times beautifully, and there is one passage, too long, alas, to quote here, which describes the sound of cattle moving through the streets at night on their way to market, as sensitive and evocative a piece of description as I have seen in a long time, and will make you hear that strange and lonely and disturbing sound even if you have never experienced it. And to me, one of the refreshing things about "The Three Brothers" is its quiet, unplotted quality, which gives no hint of contrivance, of deliberate structure. It is as if Michael McLaverty had simply chosen, at random, two points in the lives of the Caffrey family of Belfast and Monabeg, and recorded warmly and tenderly what had happened in between them.

Irregular Passion

LOVE IN DISHEVELMENT. By David Greenhood. New York: Creative Age Press. 1948. 279 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by MAX WILK

MR. GREENHOOD has written a love story, just that and absolutely guaranteed to be nothing more.

Like a composer weaving together the delicate strands of a sonata, he tells the story of Stella, a young career woman, whose chance meeting with Earl, an engineer, ripens into a full-blown affair. Eventually Earl tires of his neo-marital relationship and goes off to survey in the West, not knowing that he has left behind a young woman *enceinte*. With a dis-

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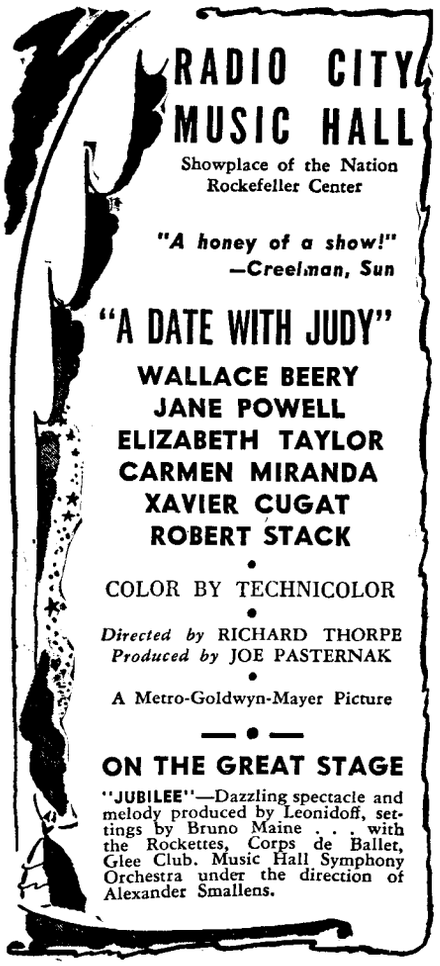

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8-28

play of strong-mindedness bound to startle some of the feminine audience, Stella has her child and raises it in illegitimacy. Eventually, Earl returns, and in an ending full of the best motion picture suspense, ("will he go back to her? Won't he?") he reconciles with Stella, leaving us with the strong and reassuring feeling that they will shortly afterwards be married.

"Love in Dishevelment" is short, but exceedingly well written. Mr. Greenhood's characters are sensitively drawn, carefully observed, and move through the story like human beings, not idealized images of an author's fancy. If there is any fault to find with the story, it is that Mr. Greenhood's camera eye is too small, too preoccupied with the minutiae of only two people for the story ever to assume stature and importance. The result of this unremitting small focus is to inspire in this reader a desire for amplification. More story, perhaps, and less love.

Our age may ultimately turn more and more to literary romance as a panacea for its own collective unhappiness, but surely, not romance as triply-distilled as Mr. Greenhood presents it. The true test of his success within the tiny canvas, however, will not come from the decision of a masculine reviewer. In the circulating library cards (female borrowers) there will be found, if it exists, an answer to this critic's captiousness, an affirmation that Love Conquers All. Ladies, take it away!

Knaves & the Queen

PARCEL OF ROGUES. By Jane Lane. New York: Rinehart & Co. 1948. 444 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THE tragic story of Mary Queen of Scots has been the subject for many books, but Jane Lane's excellent historical novel presents it in new perspective. The poor Queen herself is necessarily the central figure, but it is on the incredible pack of scoundrels who plotted and brought about her ruin that the author chiefly focuses her attention. They were as corrupt and ruthless a set of gangsters as could be imagined; yet they were not imagined at all—they were flesh and blood and a part of an astounding period of Scottish and English history, a period which Miss Lane reconstructs with graphic and vivid realism. Her book covers the time from 1561, when the young widow of the French Dauphin returned to her native land, to 1570, when Henry Morton, Earl of

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Douglas, arch criminal and the most terrible of Scottish tyrants, ended, under the blade of the guillotine, his decade of Regency. Mary was at that time still the prisoner of Elizabeth of England, the victim of that royal lady's treachery as well as of her own nobles' double-dealing, and her unfortunate son James, a boy in his teens, was the nominal King of Scotland. But the real power had been in the hands of regents ever since Mary's trumped-up disgrace in the eyes of her people and her flight to what she naively thought was Elizabeth's protection, more than ten years past.

Miss Lane presents lucidly and skilfully this melodramatic story of double and treble dealing, of plots and counter-plots and cold-blooded murder. The cast she assembles is a large one, and what villains they are! Most of their names are familiar—James Stewart (the Scottish spelling is used instead of the French *Stuart*), Earl of Moray, Mary's bastard half-brother, who hated her from the beginning but traded on her innocent trust and sisterly love for him; Lord Darnley, her second husband, who betrayed her; Bothwell, who connived with Moray and Morton and others of the Scottish Lords to murder Darnley and implicate the Queen in that crime; Bothwell, who after Darnley's death kidnapped and ravished her and whom she was forced by her Lords to take as her third husband; Maitland, Earl of Lethington, Secretary of Scotland and forger extraordinary, known as The Chameleon because of his ability to turn coats; the rabid preacher John Knox, crying "Jezebel" from the pulpit; Atholl and Argyll and Huntley and that chief of rogues, the sinister, uncouth, brutish Henry Morton, who managed to survive longest in that dangerous game of intrigue and conscienceless violence.

Miss Lane brings all these characters to life again against an authentic background of the Scotland of that day—the old city of Edinburgh with its deceived and oppressed humble people, so used to scurrying out of the way of warring men at arms; the rugged and beautiful countryside, the great castles and fortresses of the nobility. She has written a rousing good crime story, full of suspense and excitement, and the more gripping because it is true. Her theory concerning the famous Casket Letters, on whose damning evidence the unfortunate Queen suffered so much, is a new and interesting one, and in light of the proofs which she offers, extremely plausible.

"Parcel of Rogues" is a fine piece of work, as engrossing a book as I have read in many a day.

Words. *"What do you read, my Lord?" "Words, words, words," cried Hamlet. . . . The study of words—those inconsequential sounds we utter and the written marks which signify them—can be not only "a key to the history of mankind," as Dr. Diringer would have it in his book on the alphabet, discussed below, but also a delightful and instructive pastime. "I Give You My Word and Say the Word," by Ivor Brown, author and editor of* The Observer *of London, is an example of the eminently civilized, eminently readable study of words. Just as readable but perhaps more vivid is H. L. Mencken's recent "The American Language: Supplement II." At the opposite extreme may be mentioned the abstruse "Science and Sanity," by Alfred Korzybski, who runs the Institute of General Semantics at Lakeville, Conn., dedicated to the proposition that the current ills of mankind can be attributed to the misuse of words.*

End of Pre-History

THE ALPHABET: A KEY TO THE HISTORY OF MANKIND. By David Diringer. New York: Philosophical Library. 1948. 607 *pp.* $12.

Reviewed by E. A. SPEISER

MAN made his first groping attempt at writing as far back as the Old Stone Age. The result was mainly a blend of art and magic rather than writing because the pictures and symbols represented thought without reference to sound. The bridge between picture and language — in terms of whole words as well as of syllables—was not found until about the middle of the fourth millennium B.C. That discovery made history in more ways than one. In fact, it marks the end of prehistory by making recorded history possible. It is no mere coincidence that the historic age begins shortly thereafter; in Mesopotamia, where the original invention of writing appears to have taken place, and in Egypt, which seems to have borrowed the new idea but substituted native forms for the foreign symbols.

Yet neither Mesopotamia nor Egypt carried writing beyond what was essentially the syllabic stage. This meant the employment of between 500 and 1,000 separate signs. The necessary further analysis of the elements of speech into disembodied sounds, and the use of abstract symbols for the principal sounds, required some twenty centuries of additional progress. This epochal achievement can be traced, significantly enough, to Syria-Palestine, an area intermediate between Egypt and Mesopotamia. The end-product was the alphabet—in its simplest form a group of only twenty-two characters. The system is as simple and practical as the steps which led up to it had been complex and theoretical. The introduction of zero into mathematics furnishes a close and instructive analogy.

Dr. Diringer's impressive volume is subtitled "A Key to the History of Mankind." This is an excessive claim. The book deals primarily with the alphabet, whereas it is writing as a whole that had a sweeping effect on civilization, shaping man's course long before the alphabet was introduced. The alphabetic abstractions are but the ultimate refinement of the earlier pioneering labors. Yet no single product of man's ingenuity has had comparable success.

Dr. Diringer has brought up to date the prodigious research on the subject, adding not a little of the fruit of his own original studies. The author's thoroughness and sober judgment have enabled him to steer clear of most of the pitfalls in which this field abounds. One minor fault stems from the fact that his sectional bibliographies are too elaborate; they include many efforts about which it can be said that advances in the study of the alphabet were made in spite of them.

Although his book is an excellent exposition of a significant and fascinating subject, it does not tell the complete story, a story which involves the profound intellectual revolution that attended the dawn of history proper. We are told that Dr. Diringer is now at work on such a study. One cannot but look forward to it with keen interest—not unmixed with some misgivings. If the project comes off successfully the author will be clearly entitled to use in that work the subtitle which is a little sanguine in the present instance.

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Strange Syllables

I GIVE YOU MY WORD and SAY THE WORD. By Ivor Brown. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1948. 146 *and* 130 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GEOFFREY J. L. GOMME

MR. BROWN has now written four books on old English words (with here and there a new one), and his American publishers have compressed them into two volumes, of which this is the second. Except that he may be mortal, there is no good reason why he should not give us a thousand more. For what his choice of nearly two hundred words has made abundantly clear is the record in the dictionary of a vast number that none of us ever use (some we could use with great profit and delight) and few of us have ever heard of or can even pronounce.

He has picked on about seventy-five that are in common use today in order to tell us of their histories and the unfamiliar meanings they once bore; and they fascinate by their very strangeness. Many have become debased, like *coy,* which to George Herbert meant unassuming: a few have "climbed the ladder of estimation," like *high-minded,* for in the Bible a high mind "went with vanity, pride, and sinful ambition." But the greater number will be total strangers to the layman; how many of us know, for instance, of dizzard, fleer, gowl, mort, chappin, duff, jounce, ratten, and tittup? Under each word Mr. Brown illustrates its uses from English and Scottish literature and language, old and modern, and at once impresses us with the length and breadth of his reading; and for good measure he brings in and explains many more words than his headings have promised.

In spite of the mass of matter that he has packed into less than three hundred pages, he is always lighthearted and true to his great purpose of wanting "the collection to be fun" and also "fruitful." He has his wish, and we have abundant fun and fruit. Moreover, he has a concise, luminous, and incisive style; he writes with enviable ease and, like the good essayist that he is, digresses admirably. I wish I had space to quote him and show how good his prose is. Finally, he is, as readers of *SRL* know, an implacable foe of jargon or (more happily) pudder. Read, in his second preface, his translation into it of "the tremendous simplicities" of the Lord's Prayer. It is as good as Quiller-Couch's similar translation of "To be, or not to be"; and both of them have power to kill.

Mr. J. Donald Adams writes an introduction, in which, most wisely and forcefully, he urges us to be precise in the use of words. Deprived of his own original "Introduction," Mr. Brown is left to introduce himself twice under "Foreword." I cannot think it was he who preferred this modern horror to the venerable "Preface."

Prefabricated

By Alice Porter

NOT from a broken promise
Has love grown sick and died,
But for the slow betrayal
Of what was self-implied.

The mind must use for measure
A kodak's candid eyes—
Yet the heart makes its picture
Of flimsiest surmise.

Thus love is only over,
And life, an empty cup,
When lovers see with sorrow
That they made each other up!

The Immoralist

by ANDRÉ GIDE

"Gide's best and surely one of the best of the century"

—NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

This is the story of the rebellion of a mind against the morality of self-sacrifice and the ordinary civilized standards of personal conduct. As sheer story, Michel's rebellion has all the narrative excitement usually called forth only by tales of physical adventure. The questions propounded by it are questions with which Gide has been wrestling for a fruitful lifetime, and *The Immoralist* has become a classic because of the way in which he answers them. $2.50

"The problem of individualism, of self-emancipation, and of its possible limits, is posed in *The Immoralist* not abstractly but in the absorbing action of a dramatic psychological narrative."—*Philadelphia Inquirer*

The Journals of André Gide

Volume I (1889-1913)—$5.00 Volume II (1914-1927)—$6.00

"These *Journals* are remarkable and wonderful books. . . . They contain as much of the artist's heart and mind as we have any right to expect, and they will probably stand as his most complete and enduring work."

—MAXWELL GEISMAR

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The Film Forum

Education via Entertainment

The Saturday Review's Guide to Selected 16mm. Sound Films dealing with Contemporary Issues.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In response to many requests for information about films* available without charge *to schools and organizations, the following group has been annotated. They are all part of the institutional advertising policy of some industry or trade organization; they have been carefully chosen for their entertainment value, and in each case the sponsor's message is of an educational character. Films for public relations make no direct selling appeal; they are designed to inform or influence attitudes.*

GETTING TOGETHER
Produced by the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Available from your local Bell Telephone Co.
(9 minutes.)

An amusing combination of several types of special effects are used as the vehicle to show all the parts needed to make the hand telephone. Animated cartoon and trick photography (stop-motion) illustrate the many different materials, fabrics, and metals used in the manufacture of a familiar household item. The parts are then assembled on a table, and to the strains of a martial air they march as a well-disciplined army to get together and become a telephone. Interesting and clever, with a good musical score.

JUST IMAGINE
Produced by the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Available from your local Bell Telephone Co.
(10 minutes.)

This is a more up-to-date version of the above film; it uses a new model telephone to demonstrate the 433 parts needed to make one telephone. In a pleasing cartoon film, "Tommy Telephone," with the aid of motion-picture magic, grinds the raw materials out of a hopper to make the parts needed; they then march regally onto the parade grounds where they assemble themselves into a hand-set telephone.

PARTY LINES
Produced by the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Available from your local Bell Telephone Co.
(15 minutes. Color.)

The greatest puppets ever filmed are the actors in the cast of this popular motion picture. "Snarky Parker," the star, was featured for two years with the Ziegfeld Follies and during the war Uncle Sam used him as a good-will ambassador as part of our Good Neighbor Policy in Latin America. Until you have seen Baird's Marionettes you cannot realize how disarmingly they can be used to draw the analogy of neighborly cooperation, whether on the driveway or at home on the party-line telephone.

REDDY MADE MAGIC
Produced by Walter Lantz for Ashton B. Collins.
Availability restricted in some areas. Write to Mr. Collins at 50 Church St., New York 7, N. Y.
(11 minutes. Color.)
(Comic book study guide available.)

You have seen Lantz's animated cartoons for years at your theatre. He is responsible for the creation of Andy Panda and Woody the Woodpecker (sic!). Together with Ash Collins he has produced the best commercial film ever offered to the public. This is the story of electricity told in the most engaging ten minutes or so. It traces the theory of electrons from the early experiments of Thales, who lived in Athens 2,500 years ago; it follows the experiments of every important contributor (Gilbert, Grey, Musschenbroek, Franklin, Edison, etc.) and ends with the role electricity plays in our civilization. The theme song is in the better Tin Pan Alley tradition. Recommended for the whole family.

THE TELEPHONE HOUR
Produced by the American Telephone & Telegraph Co.
Available from your local Bell Telephone Co.
(30 minutes.)

Two of the Tuesday night broadcasts of the Telephone Hour have been recorded on film. "The Telephone Hour" features Donald Vorhees conducting the orchestra, and Josef Hoffman as guest. Music includes Rachmaninoff's "Prelude in C Sharp Minor" and the last movement of Beethoven's "Piano Concerto #5." "Rehearsal," the other film, shows Mr. Vorhees preparing a program with Ezio Pinza and Blanche Thebom. Both pictures contain an interesting short commercial announcement.

MUSIC IN THE SKY
Produced by
Westinghouse Electric Corp.
Distributed by
Modern Talking Picture Service.
(20 minutes.)

For the millions who cannot attend a radio broadcast, this film brings one to the 16mm. audience. John Charles Thomas, of the Metropolitan Opera, acts as master of ceremonies and sings "In the Gloaming," "Come Thou Almighty King," and "De Camptown Races"—the last with the Ken Darby Chorus. The symphony orchestra is conducted by Victor Young. There is an interesting sequence on the "good old days" of grandma's time humorously narrated by John Nesbitt.

A. BERTRAND CHANNON.

For information about the purchase or rental of any films, please write to Film Department, The Saturday Review. 25 West 45 Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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READING, 'RITING, AND RUSSIA

(*Continued from page* 10)

lectual foot-hold in Eastern Europe is rapidly being lost by default.

The British, who know a real diplomatic opportunity when they see one, have sent some of their best brains to Warsaw. The British Council is at work day after day interpreting Britain's culture and strengthening the intellectual bond between the two nations. It is no coincidence that 155 British titles were brought by Polish publishers last year whereas not a single American book came through.

It would be easy, but untrue, to blame the American silence on the Iron Curtain. Again and again Poles of all walks of life — including the deputy minister of culture — have stressed the fact that the people want American fiction even in preference to Russian books. This is not wishful thinking; even today reprints of "Tobacco Road," "Native Son," "For Whom the Bell Tolls," and most of the novels of Upton Sinclair, John Dos Passos, John Steinbeck, Theodore Dreiser, and Sinclair Lewis are on Polish best-seller lists. All through the occupation "Gone With the Wind" was secretly read as a resistance novel which permitted sentimental and emotional Poles to identify themselves with the fighters of the American South. And Louis Bromfield has for many years outsold most Polish fiction.

"But today," a scholarly writer in Warsaw observed with some bitterness, "America has dropped a Parchment Curtain a long way west of the Iron one." It is true that Poland might buy copyrights direct from American publishers; but the fact remains that like most European countries Poland cannot afford to spend dollars for literature.

The United States Information Services have neither the means nor the personnel to remedy the situation. One evening I discussed the new currents in Polish education with Professor Stanislav Helsztynski of the English department at Warsaw University. For a while he listened patiently to my objections to the one-sided ideological slant which I feared to be the ultimate result of interference by a Communist-dominated government. At last he interrupted. "Yes, we have established a chair of Marxist theory," he said, "but I have also been permitted to introduce a department of American literature for the first time in our history. Yet, when I try to get even the most basic American books, I find it impossible."

AT a time when an American cultural beachhead in Poland is a matter of international, and perhaps strategic, necessity, he finds it impossible to secure even single copies of "The Oxford Companion of American Literature," Mencken's "The American Language," Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought," and Beard's "Basic History." While legislators argue in terms of billions, a

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Fables. 2. Story. 3. Life. 4. Sonnets. 5. Speech. 6. Address. 7. Hymn. 8. Epitaph. 9. Confessions. 10. History. 11. Villanelle. 12. Rubaiyat. 13. Saga. 14. Elegy. 15. Tales. 16. Legend. 17. Ode. 18. Ditties. 19. Dissertation. 20. Song. 21. Letter. 22. Psalm. 23. Masque. 24. Diary. 25. Essay. 26. Lay. 27. Play. 28. Prayer. 29. Ballad. 30. Eulogy.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 271

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 271 will be found in the next issue.

BFALCOHKNTK NK AOF

GNPRNPX MG SLR

QFLKMPK GMQ DOLA DF

SFWNFEF ZCMP NPKANPTA.

G. O. SQLRWFH

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 270

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.

B. DISRAELI.

"One of the great novels of our time..." says LORD DUNSANY of

Bridie Steen

by ANNE CRONE

This story of an Irish girl's growth from a naive child into a woman of courage and fire has everything to reward the reader: superb characterization, rich humor, compassionate understanding of human folly, descriptive passages which rival the best to be found in English literature. BRIDIE STEEN will find a special niche in the hearts of those who love fine fiction. $3.00

At all bookstores CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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seminar in Warsaw is called off because the instructor is unable to furnish his class with twenty copies of "The Leaves of Grass." Consequently Whitman's powerful—and, oh, so inexpensive—voice of American democracy remains silent in Poland.

I asked for a semi-official estimate of the dollar funds needed for adequate purchases of American copyrights for one year. The modest answer was: "$250,000 would suffice. And that would not have to be a charitable gift. We could offer the equivalent in Polish currency to be used by American interests in Poland."

3. Boom Before Doom?

F. C. WEISKOPF

LITERARY activity is booming these days in the Third Czechoslovak Republic. Although there are only about nine million Czechs—the three million Slovaks have their own literature and their own publishing houses—the average novel published in the Czech language sells about 3,000, while the average poetry book edition ranges from 1,000 to 2,500 copies. Prose works of favored authors often find up to 50,000 buyers, and verse collections between 10,000 and 15,000. There is hardly a small town—and that means one under 5,000 inhabitants—without at least one good bookstore, and there are several book clubs (almost all of them organized as cooperatives) with a nationwide membership.

Prague, the capital of the country, is also the capital of Czech literature. But Brno, Moravská Ostrava, and many smaller cities also have a very active literary life.

Moravská Ostrava, which in the past was a drowsy provincial town in northern Bohemia, has become a bustling industrial city and the scene of an extraordinary cultural renaissance. Its Association for the Advancement of Art is a veritable cultural powerhouse, supporting half a dozen enterprises, including a literary magazine, a lecture forum, an art gallery, a symphonic concert series, a program of special radio and theatre performances, and a publishing house. All of these activities are planned and directed by a group of people of differing backgrounds and ages but united by a youthful determination to make what they call "a concerted effort to make the new popular democracy a living thing in the field of culture."

Their magazine—*Mladé Archy* ("Young Sheets")—is printed in editions of 3,000 copies six times a year. It features mainly the work of young Czech authors (fiction, poetry, essays) and translations of modern foreign literature, with Paul Eluard, Langston Hughes, Vladimir Mayakovsky, William Saroyan heading the list.

Last year the list of the publishing house comprised six books of verse and short stories by young Czech writers and two volumes of translated French prose and poetry (by Elsa Triolet and Jules Supervielle) in editions from 2,200 to 5,000 copies. Both the magazine and the publishing house are self-sustaining, thanks to a good deal of voluntary work put in by the leading people.

Czech writers are becoming very active once more after the hiatus caused by the war. A life of Cortez by Ivan Olbracht, first among the older novelists and at present chief of the radio department of the Ministry of Information, appeared late last year. A new volume of verse by Frantisek Halas, an outstanding poet who heads the state department of book publishing, was enthusiastically greeted by his many faithful readers.

POETRY has always been the pride of Czech letters. "Our literary language," Mrs. Halas told me when we were discussing the state of Cezch poetry, "is so developed and refined that it creates poems almost by itself. We have a very high standard of average good poetry. Our publishers bring out many collections of good verse, but genuine poems, great poems are very few. Yet we have a number of really promising young poets—Blantny, Krainar, Kolar, Bednar, Fleischmann, Fikar, Kundera, Mikulasek—whose first books make us ask for more.

Among the widely acclaimed and read works of fiction are Egon Hostovsky's story about Czech-American life, "A Stranger Looking for an Apartment"; Vaclav Rezac's novel "The Dividing Line," with an interesting double plot interwining the histories of a great actor and of his "creator"; Marie Pujmanová's gentle tale of a brother and sister in childhood-anguish, "Foreboding," and a powerful historical novel with an Asiatic background by Miloslav Fábera, "Seven Mongolian Horses."

As a whole, the crop of new fiction, especially fiction with themes related to the recent past, is meager. "There's too much blood on our memories from the time of Nazi occupation," Mr. Rezác explained to me. "It's still raw flesh, too immediate to be shaped into fiction. That's the reason for the big stream of reports, chronicles, *documents humains,* and other non-fiction works."

In Slovakia, the situation is very similar to that in the Czech lands. There is a remarkable center of artistic, literary, and publishing activities at Turciansky Sv. Martin; but Bratislava—where the country's best poet, Laco Novomesky, takes a leading part as secretary of education in the shaping of a very intensive governmental policy aimed at a general rise in cultural standards—occupies the first place in the literary life of the nation.

Two younger Slovak writers have lately come to the fore: Peter Karvas with a couple of experimental plays, and Margita Figuli with a historical novel, "Babylon," and a peasant tale of lusty primitive charm, "Three Chestnut Chargers."

Translations of American books are very much in demand. Steinbeck, Caldwell, Fast, Hemingway, Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis have a wide and enthusiastic audience. Popular hits have been scored by Kenneth Roberts and Louis Bromfield, while Waldo Frank and Carson McCullers have won much critical praise. America is still a magic word, and evokes a vivid popular sympathy from the Bohemian Forest all the way to the Tatra Mountains.

The change in government last February produced a number of changes in the organization of the publishing industry. All privately owned publishing houses have been taken over by the State, although cooperatively-owned enterprises continue to function as before. Mailing privileges have been denied a few foreign newspapers and magazines which, it was said, "consistently published false reports." Less than a score of members of the writers Association have been excluded "for active participation in plotting against popular democracy" or "unlawful activity." Among these were no writers of reputation, with the exception of Ivan Blatny, a promising young lyric poet who was barred following a trip to England in which he attacked Czechoslovakia. It is still too soon to say what effect these developments will have upon Czechoslovak letters.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE UNTIDY END OF ADJECTIVE JONES

(After Too Many Western Thrillers)

BUCKY DURANT calmly rolled a cigarette as he sat atop the pitching bronc. After tense minutes of agonized snorting and lunching the panting palamino crept to the side of the corral. Bucky, a pleased grin splitting open his suntanned features, leapt lightly from the saddle. After giving the critter a friendly pat, he tossed the hand-tooled saddle lightly over his shoulder and strolled toward the corral gate. His steps were the measured pace of a gun toter, as his muscles rippled quietly like tanned wheat in the autumn sun. "Now fer the Brahmas," he said through tightly-compressed lips.

As he looked through the seasoned slats of the corral gate his eyes narrowed to hard slits and the jaw muscles under his steel-blue growth of beard flickered back and forth like a baby magpie bird at feeding time. His footsteps sounded slow and regular in the desert vastness, like Navajo war drums.

Across the ranch yard Cobra Raggles, the ranch foreman, came swaggering. He was a swarthy-skinned hombre, greasy and unkempt. As usual, his oily moustache was covered with tobacco stains. Bucky flipped his silver-decorated saddle to the ground. Quietly he loosened his two pearl-handled shootin' irons in their holsters. Then he leaned back against the fence. Waiting.

Raggles sneered as he neared. "Whut the hell's the trouble, Durant, you only broke six head of hosses this mawnin'!" he snapped. Bucky's steely eyes dug into the pouchy face for a moment. Then he pulled a bag of Durham from his breast pocket and quietly rolled one. His answer was cool and measured when it finally came. "Yup," he said.

Raggles pulled out a tailor-made and stuffed it in the corner of his thick-lipped mouth. "Gettin' old?" he taunted. Cobra did not see the instinctive tightening of Bucky's back muscles, ready instantaneously to drop into a shooting crouch. But, instead of gun play, the latter gazed out into the desert. A hombre who had seen plenty of vastness on both sides of the Rio Grande, Bucky never tired of the ever-changing moods of the mesas.

"Listen, you mangy coyote," Bucky said quietly, "Ah's not hankerin' fer trouble—but Ah aims fer you to know thet if yer lookin' for it you came to the right party." Raggles flushed under his whiskey-blotched skin.

Suddenly, as the two men stood calculating one another, Janie the ranch-owner's daughter, turned the corner. Blue-eyed and flaxen-haired, she was dressed in a buckskin jacket and flowing riding dress. She held a turquoise-studded riding-crop in her small white hand. Tripping lightly toward the two stolid men, her blonde curls tossed like convolvulus in the desert breeze. Bucky quickly snuffed out his makin's and doffed his sun-bleached Stetson. Raggles stood unkempt with his hat on, the tailor-made still sticking ungentlemanly from the side of his leering mouth.

Janie's wide, blue eyes slipped from the hard, tanned face with the steel-blue jaw to the pouchy face of the foreman. "Ah've been pickin' wild flowers," she smiled, white teeth glistening behind her red lips. Bucky's steel-grey eyes fell to the hem of her petite skirt. He replied, politely: "Yes, Ma'am." Raggles's blood-shot eyes fastened on Janie's bosom. Janie withered under the lewd gaze.

Quick-thinking Bucky stepped between Janie and the foreman, but Raggles, leaning sideways to see more of Janie's contours, only sneered. The Old Man, Janie's father, was in his wheelchair, up at the ranch house.

Raggles paused a moment, eyeing Bucky. Then he turned, and started toward the corral. His chance would come—and soon! Why not wait until he and the boys could handle this loco puncher in their own way?

Bucky was hesitant before he spoke again, as he and Janie stood alone. "Miss Janie, Raggles there is head of a mangy bunch of coyotes that have been takin' cattle off yer Daddy's south drift fence since six months ago." Janie's eyes filled with tears. She clutched her swan-like throat. "You mean—you mean while Pa's been in the wheelchair?" she asked, bewildered. Bucky nodded quietly.

A sickening wail of pain split the air. Bucky spun around, his hands on his shooting irons. In the corral, Cobra Raggles was standing with a heavy raw-hide whip in one hand, a bottle of drinking whiskey in the other. He was mercilessly flailing the tired palamino Bucky had just broken!

As Bucky hurdled over the fence, his two six guns were blazing. Raggles dropped his bottle. Janie could not see through the dust. For a few moments all was clamor. The horse whinnied wildly, as seven shots ripped through the air. Then silence. When the dust cleared, Cobra was clutching his untidy belly and slipping slowly, slowly to the ground. Bucky leaned over the inert figure. Blowing the blue smoke from his trusty Pals, he turned to Janie. "Don't look, Ma'am," he said quietly.

"You hadn't oughta, Bucky!" moaned Janie, horror-struck at the scene before her. Bucky withered under the reproachful words of the girl. Then his jaw muscles tightened. He replaced his sun-bleached Stetson and lifted his turquoise-studded saddle to his wide shoulder. "Reckon Ah'll get on to the Brahmas," he said.

But as he turned to go, his gaze lifted for a moment to Janie's soft face. He straightened his back and spoke: "Ma'am, Ah reckon Ah can tell you now. This varmint was due to swing. He ain't Cobra Raggles—he was really Adjective Jones!" Janie backed away.

"You mean Adjective Jones, the rustler?" she whispered. "Yes, Ma'am," replied quiet Bucky.

Janie's soft eyes fell to the inert figure before her in disgust. Her soft hands slipped quietly at last from her swan-like throat: "Be you sure?" she asked, a loving light appearing in her eyes. Bucky pulled back his vest. On the front of his shirt, glistening in the desert sun, was the star of the Texas Rangers!

"Ah've been trailin' him," said Bucky simply.

Janie spoke with great sadness: "Now thet your job is done you'll be ridin' on?"

Bucky gazed for a moment into the desert grandeur. A soft breeze tossed the sun-bleached hairs of the brows above his steely eyes. Janie spoke again: "Pa'll be needin' a foreman."

Slowly Bucky's hands slipped to the beloved bone-handled Pals at his side. He pulled them from their holsters with his strong, brown hands, studied them a moment, then, silently and reverently, kicked a small hole in the dust beneath his feet. They dropped into their desert grave. He kicked back the dust and quietly bowed his head.

Janie knew how sacred the moment was. Finally she ventured to speak: "Reckon' you'd be interested in ridin' into the sunset of life together?"

Bucky's grim face broke into a radiant smile. He lifted his ornate saddle, with the Upache bead trim, to his shoulder. He hesitated carefully before speaking. Then he said: "Yes, Ma'am."

R. MATHISON.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 753

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

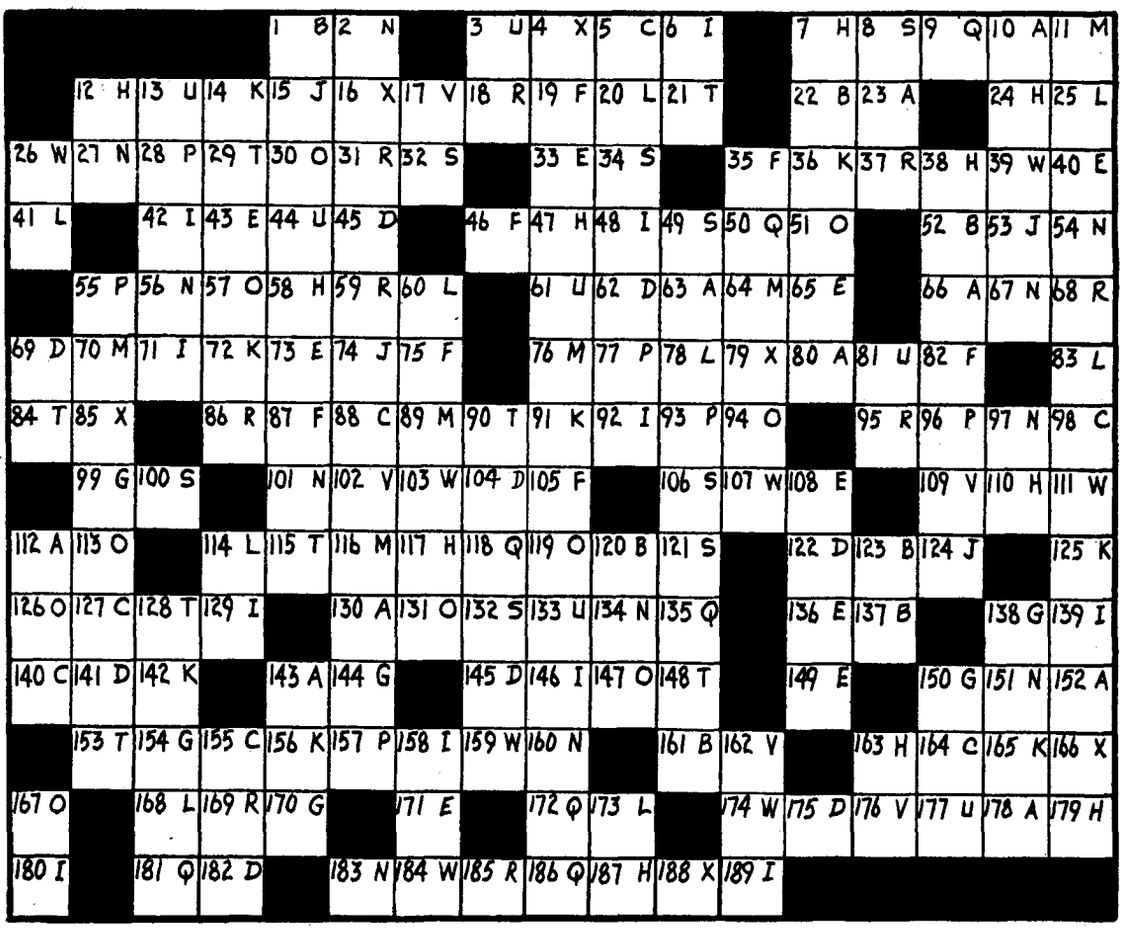
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Biblical people condemned to be hewers of wood and drawers of water for their deception to Joshua (Bib.).	66 178 130 10 80 23 63 143 112 152
B. Relating to insects.	137 123 120 22 1 161 52
C. Exciting to activity, spiritual, mental, or physical.	127 164 5 98 155 88 140
D. Tapering to a sharp point.	122 69 62 145 175 182 141 45 104
E. Outfielder of the Cincinnati baseball team.	73 171 33 136 43 149 40 65 108
F. First name of American woman journalist and radio commentator (1894-).	35 46 105 87 82 19 75
G. A discarded theory of the origin of language.	138 144 154 170 99 150
H. Not possessed with overzealous and unreasonable beliefs.	117 179 12 24 7 38 47 110 163 58 187
I. To fail to perceive (3 wds.).	6 92 129 139 189 158 180 48 42 146 71
J. English prelate of reign of Chas. I, impeached by Long Parliament, beheaded 1645.	74 53 15 124
K. Warm or high praise.	36 142 125 14 165 91 72 156
L. A solemn covenant.	114 60 41 25 83 173 20 168 78
M. A large dog; also the name of a dog.	64 116 76 89 70 11
N. A valuable food fish of Florida coast and Bahamas (*Lutianus griseus*; 2 wds.).	160 134 56 2 97 54 151 101 183 27 67
O. Transports with delight.	131 57 113 126 147 30 51 119 167 94
P. The sum total.	96 55 28 77 93 157
Q. Oldest and most important of the sacred Hindu books (comp.).	50 181 118 9 135 186 172
R. A frontage of expensive living quarters (2 wds.; colloq.).	59 31 95 185 86 169 68 18 37
S. Gives in vassalage; makes subservient.	8 32 100 49 34 132 106 121
T. Confines in a coffer or like receptacle.	148 84 90 115 128 21 29 153
U. Plumlike fruits of an Asiatic evergreen tree, used for preserves, etc.	13 133 61 81 44 177 3
V. Under one's protection, patronage, etc. (2 wds.).	17 162 176 102 109
W. Puts out of breath; exhausts the breath.	107 184 26 103 39 159 111 174
X. A hypothesis offered as a basis of thought.	166 79 188 4 16 85

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the DEFINITIONS each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 6 of this issue.

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SRL RECORDINGS SECTION

IMPRESSIONS

ONE of the odder incidents of the record business in this late summer of 1948 is the suit brought by the United States, against Decca Records and its English affiliate. The charge is concerned with violation of the anti-trust laws and the establishment of monopolies whereby the several continents of the globe are assigned to one company or the other for the exploitation of its products.

We profess to no technical knowledge of the charge, or the extent to which such agreements violate specific provisions of the law. However, it is difficult to see how such agreements differ from many others currently in effect, save, perhaps, that they may be set down in writing rather than being the kind generally called gentlemen's. There is, certainly, no curb or barrier in these areas against the products of other manufacturers who themselves have similar agreements designed to eliminate duplication of sales effort, shipping costs, etc.

A rather remarkable background is involved in this case, for the original link between the two companies was—though it may seem hardly credible—Bing Crosby. When American Decca was in the process of organization some fifteen years ago, the largest potential asset it commanded was the talent of Crosby. His popularity then being considerable, he wanted, in exchange for his exclusive services, a guarantee, for a year's sales, of a sum then considered fairly astronomical—$10,000.

This "staggering" amount did not dismay the organizers of Decca (American), but it taxed their ingenuity to the point of seeking risk capital from elsewhere. English Decca agreed to share the investment on a 60-40 basis, confident that the gradual enlightenment of the British public to the arts of Crosby would eventually repay the "gamble." If larger oaks have grown from smaller acorns, we would welcome the information.

That actual affiliation came to an end a few years after it began, and there has been since then—to the best of our information—only the kind of reciprocal exchange that exists between Victor and HMV, American and English Columbia. One interesting, if incredible, speculation about the present action is that it may have been instigated (in some roundabout way) by English Decca itself, whose discontent with the local company's handling of its ffrr products is no secret, closed or open. It is well known that the original producers would welcome the chance to include much more, on its London label, than, as a result of existing agreements, it can.

IRVING KOLODIN, EDITOR,
SRL RECORDINGS.

SEPTEMBER, 1948

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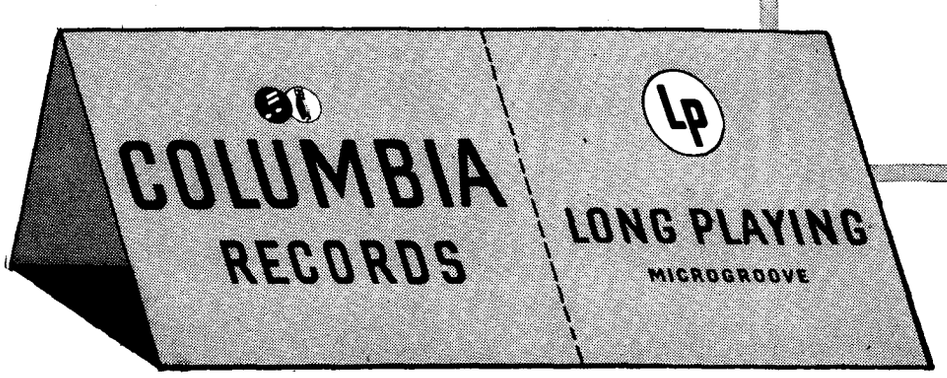

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The Saturday Review of Recordings

A Look at the Duke

ALEC WILDER

TWENTY years is a long time in the career of any man, especially a career involving so fluctuating a field as popular music. It is all of twenty years since I first heard the music of Duke Ellington, and it has been, for most of that time, so much a source of delight to me that I've never consciously criticized it. I only listened and was pleased. From the Cotton Club days down through all the recordings, I've listened and been happy or sad, according to the Duke and his moods.

Then, on a famous occasion, I visited Carnegie Hall and heard the disciples and the sycophants moon and mewl over his "larger musical forms," and I came away unconvinced. For this time, instead of merely listening, I listened critically. And while I don't hold with the scared people who label all short form composers as "miniaturists," at the same time I feel, and feel profoundly, that Ellington was unhappy and unconvincing when he attempted the larger, longer forms. It was, I thought, unsuitable and even pretentious of him to develop his thematic material in terms of so-called "serious" music. What resulted were fragments, many of them interesting, colorful, even exciting; but each fragment or section remained isolated, unintegrated with the others. From this I would except the slow movement, which had a text to keep it together.

Perhaps a little background would be in order. Ellington has now been a name of consequence in popular music for more than twenty years. When he emerged from Washington, the Whiteman vogue was close to its peak (about 1927). He has since survived both swing and bebop. Unique among American bands and band leaders, he is celebrated both for his music and for the way it is played. It is almost a certainty, when the band is playing at its best, that it will be playing something devised by Ellington, or evolved from an idea contributed by one of his men. More recently, his disciple and associate Billy Strayhorn has contributed material of worth, but numerically its quantity is still small.

—*Charles Peterson.*

Duke Ellington—"a straw man created by the young men without horns."

"Devise" and "evolve" are almost inevitable words to use in speaking of Ellington's creations, for his method of work is as unusual as some of the results it has produced. That method consists, as is well known, of arriving at a record date (where most of the well-known things have been created) with only fragmentary ideas—sometimes with none at all—and going to work really from scratch. Sometimes Ellington will sit at a piano, idly, for half an hour, till a promising thought occurs; then he will start working it out for his men, assigning a trumpet here, a saxophone there, while indicating the kind of color background he wants, in blending and timbres—clarinets, saxes, trombones.

If this method was successful for the many miraculous short pieces from "Jig Walk" (his very first record) through "East St. Louis Toodle-loo," "Birmingham Breakdown," "Daybreak Express," the more recent "Sepia Panorama" and "Jack the Bear," it was hardly sufficient for the extended "Black, Brown, and Beige." Now we have another collection of new short pieces, and the opportunity to evaluate what Ellington is of now—or at least of the late months of last year when this album was recorded ("Mood Ellington." Columbia Album No. 164, $3.90).

They are, on the whole, representative Ellington, showing that the man has the knack, as always, for creating lovely melodic lines, strong unusual rhythms, and unique orchestral effects. "Lady of the Lavender Mist" is a charming nostalgic melody of the elegant kind he writes so well; "Three-Cent Stomp" has great drive, is cleanly played, and in the realm of rhythmic pieces, satisfying; "Golden Cress" is, again, typical Ellington, if a little dated; in "Turquoise Cloud" a very ingenious use is made of soprano voice with clarinet and trombone, later with bass clarinet added; "Progressive Gavotte" has a clever idea, but bothered me (perhaps it shouldn't, as titles like this are not meant to be taken too seriously) for being neither very progressive nor much of a gavotte. "Hy'a Sue" and "New York City Blues" are strictly band pieces, largely discussable in terms of the solos that make up each side.

BUT can you call them compositions? And can you call the man who put them together a composer? To me, the works of Ellington in terms of composition extend only as far as the song form extends, that is, the thirty-two measure convention of Broadway and the radio, with slight extensions and variations. Beyond this, I find little integration or growth of ideas, and nothing that can be called structure. Over all, his music remains improvisatory . . . there is no elision, or development of thematic

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material, or interweaving of it, rarely any comment on or reappraisal of a starting thought.

Since Ellington has pleased millions of people, myself included, and has never departed from playing music *his* way, the way he felt a dance band should sound, the distinction may be gratuitous. But we are dealing, for the moment, with a straw man created by the young men without horns, the self-appointed critics who have made a persistent point of intellectualizing Ellington's music. To be sure, what he has done by instinct, and native taste, and experience, has been rhythmically and instrumentally a potent influence on popular music in this country, but I do not believe he is a composer in the essential sense of the word. Fine melodies, interesting rhythms, new orchestral sounds? Yes. But composition, no.

Perhaps what I am basically unhappy about is the sameness of objective in these new pieces as in the old, the willingness to be confined within the eight-measure phrase, the thirty-two measure song form, the three-minute or the four-minute record. I am not reverting to the "larger form" delusion of "Black, Brown, and Beige" as the desirable alternative, but I firmly believe that within the scope of his own talent there is a possibility of growth which he has never realized.

Some of this may be inherent in the nature of jazz music itself, which is a subject for a scholarly thesis not in my line. Can one say, for instance, that Louis Armstrong is a greater musician than he was in 1930, or Jack Teagarden, or ———————— (fill in your own name)? The nature of jazz seems to be that the great men find their expression at a comparatively early age, ascend swiftly to a certain, distinctive level of expression, and continue on that plateau as long as they can. It is almost the highest praise to say of a venerated jazz man that he is "as good as ever," implying no retrogression. But "better than ever?" *That's* a rarity.

However, I do not think that it is enough for a man of Duke's talent to be "as good as ever." As a creator of wonderful sounds, he has no equal in the whole nervous history of our popular music. His sound is definite, it is unique, and it is, moreover, a form of communication. It is completely honest, strong and self-aware. He hasn't been caught up in the directionless revolt of bebop, and he hasn't fallen into the pseudo-scientific delusion of Schillinger-derived formulae. He remains himself — humble, clear, and creative. But not, to my mind, evolving and experimenting.

There will be the counter-objection that music for the dance band suffers the limitation that it is music for dancing, and the terms of the contract are fairly rigid. But is it, really? How much dancing is still actually done to the music of our so-called dance bands? Isn't it the fact that most of it is played in theatres and heard over the radio, that it has become, essentially, music for listening, as is most every other kind of music?

In this case, then, it would appear easily possible for Ellington to rid himself of some conventional restraints, to work in terms of more freedom and daring. It might even be that his fortunate alliance with Columbia, with its Long Playing record, on which he can go on for six, eight, or eleven minutes (if that is his choice) could be a determinative factor when he starts recording again.

But more than mechanics is the matter of mores. Is it possible for the band man, with his life of alternate ease and tension, of exhilarating "kicks" and grueling routine, to look upon his work as more than a means to an end? The end, of course, being the best living possible. Working through and with the men whom he has been associated with for years. Ellington has come to know their weaknesses as well as their strengths. He may have some remote concern with art, but it is, after all, only their living.

Catch him in an off-moment and he's likely to tell you that he decided a long time ago he wasn't going to "beat his brains out" working against the conditions that prevail in this most peculiar business. If he took the making of popular music with the complete seriousness and conscientiousness which his order of talent merits, that irresponsibility which dwells in even the best jazz musicians would "bring him down"—and the trade expression is the only accurate one—in no time. The ensembles might sound fine on a record which is the product of perhaps four hours' work and even more "takes," but they don't always sound fine in the "Aquarium" or the "Fish Bowl" or the "Glass Slipper" or whatever else they chose to call some of the places in which such a band pursues its calling. Blow his top? Why? It'll probably sound better next time. Boys will be boys.

At the same time, he'll ask you, somewhat wistfully, what about strings and oboes and the other devices that live on the other side of the musical tracks? You catch his thought that maybe he could do something with them, but he'd have to learn how first. But it's just a vagrant thought, and gone again. Like the other great talents of American popular music—Gershwin especially—his technique is mostly self-acquired, shaped to functional ends. So long as he spends half his life and more as a public performer, with trains, buses, and theatre dressing rooms in between, it's not likely to change much.

Who is to urge him to change? Not me, certainly. There's always the beautiful sound, and the lovely tunes, and the interesting rhythms, and the vague speculation about what might have come of them.

Alec Wilder, composer, arranger, and songwriter, is a product of the Eastman School of Music. He is known for such songs as "Trouble Is a Man," "Soft as Spring" and "It's So Peaceful in the Country" and for a collection of pieces conducted by Frank Sinatra.

—Zinn Arthur.

Ellington could "rid himself of some conventional restraints."

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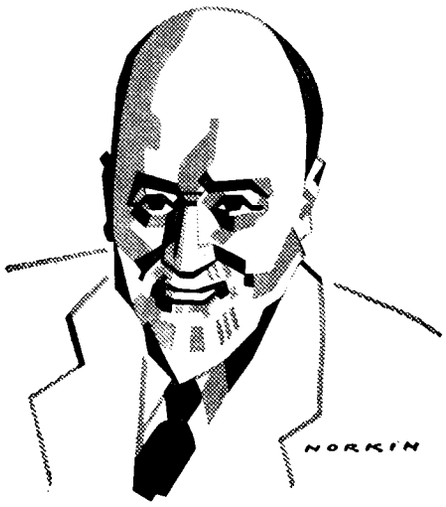
Bringing Ives Alive

NICOLAS SLONIMSKY



"Charles Ives accepts honors, distinctions, and prizes with a look of good-natured enmity."

THE PARIS publication *Le Guide du Concert*, in its issue of January 30, 1948, printed an extraordinary note: "L'Amérique n'est plus une nation a-musicale: elle compte une cinquantaine de compositeurs de talent; on cite: Ch. Ives, R. Thompson, Virgil Thomson . . . [more names follow]."

Thus, America has been finally admitted to the family of musical nations! But what is more important than the recognition extended by the editors of *Le Guide du Concert* to American composers, is the fact that non-conformists of the American musical scene are now finding recognition in their own country. Particularly gratifying is the now general recognition of the great significance of the music of Charles Ives, the musical transcendentalist among American composers.

Ives has done nothing to hasten this recognition. He accepts honors, distinctions, and prizes with a look of good-natured enmity, as though these honors were children's toys, almost indecent when tendered to a man who has passed the Biblical three-score and ten. And he is caustic about prizes for people who write "nice music." There is no greater invective in the rich vocabulary of Charles Ives than the adjective "nice" applied to art.

There is nothing "nice" about the "Concord Sonata," in the Ivesian sense, but it is now permissible, even for sober-minded non-Ivesians, to call it great music. Lawrence Gilman wrote in his oft-quoted review: "This sonata is exceptionally great music—it is, indeed, the greatest music composed by an American, and the most deeply and essentially American in impulse and implication."

John Kirkpatrick, who gave the first integral performance of the "Concord Sonata" in New York on that memorable occasion January 20, 1938, has now recorded it for Columbia. Kirkpatrick spent two years of devoted study on this work, which is probably the most formidable piano composition ever written, and his recorded performance reflects his profound understanding of Ives's music. This is not just good pianism, but a new pianistic technique, in which the unplayable is achieved through diligence and determination. It is a cause for rejoicing that the "Concord Sonata," in Kirkpatrick's performance, has been released by a major phonograph company, and made accessible to all music lovers.

The full title of the "Concord Sonata" is "Second Pianoforte Sonata, Concord, Mass., 1840-1860." It was written between 1909 and 1915. The sonata was published privately in 1920, at Ives's own expense, and distributed gratis. The first edition of the "Concord Sonata" is now a collector's item, but fortunately it has been reissued by the Arrow Music Press. Concurrently with the publication of the "Concord Sonata," Ives printed a booklet, "Essays Before a Sonata" with a typically Ivesian dedication: "These prefatory essays were written by the composer for those who can't stand his music—and the music for those who can't stand his essays; to those who can't stand either, the whole is respectfully dedicated."

The "Concord Sonata" is in four movements named after the great writers of the Concord circle, Emerson, Hawthorne, the Alcotts, and Thoreau. The first movement is largely derived from an uncompleted "Emerson Piano Concerto." The "Hawthorne" movement was first conceived "in terms of a piano or a dozen pianos"; the third, "The Alcotts," was for organ, or piano with voice, or with violin. The "Thoreau" movement was planned "in terms of strings, colored possibly with the flute or horn." A reference to the originally intended instrumentation appears in the annotations at the end of the music: "A flute may play throughout this page. If no flute, the brace below the first is for piano alone . . . but Thoreau

(*Continued on page* 49)

THE COMPOSER: Until 1939, when he was sixty-five, Charles Ives's myriad atonal and polytonal works drew more giggles and hisses than bravos, and although he is now called the "Walt Whitman of American music," it took Europe to recognize his talent as precursor of Stravinsky and Schönberg. Unless one harks back to his childhood, when "Dirge" for a dead cat electrified Danbury, Conn. He had been academically schooled in harmony, instrumentation, and counterpoint from age eight by his father, Civil War bandmaster George Ives—himself an experimenter in quarter-tone composition. Charles became a church organist at thirteen, and subsequent Sundays found him working his way through Hopkins and Yale pulling stops for New Haven hymns. To continue writing rebellious music without the seduction of profit motive, he turned for livelihood, contrarily, to one of the more blue-veined private enterprises—insurance. In the good, old American tradition, to which his lineage has contributed since 1635, he began at $5 a week, worked zealously, and was shortly prospering with the general agency firm Ives & Myrick, now largest in the country. Suffering with cataracts, he retired in 1930 to his farm in West Redding, Conn., where he has since been working over his dissonant scores. After his marriage in 1908 to Harmony Twichell, poetess daughter of the famous Hartford minister Joseph H. Twichell, his more imposing works were created: the "Concord Sonata," most of the "Holiday" symphonies, Pulitzer Prize-winning "Third Symphony," and the gargantuan "Universe Symphony," projected for a 1,000-voice chorus with orchestras in valleys and mountainside. He has commemorated revival meetings, barn dances, spiritual laws, history, transcendentalism; composed marches, hymns, and pure music. Other musicians pay him wary respect and keep out of his way, which is known to be explosive in face of injustice, artistic or social. "Don't be such a Goddam sissy!" he once shouted at a concertgoer hooting at his favorite composer Carl Ruggles. "When you hear strong music like this, get up and try to use your ears like a man!"—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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"Parlez Vous Bengali?"

AMONG the more insane escapades upon which unwitting enthusiasts occasionally embark is the mastering of a foreign language. One can adduce no logical reason for it. Translations abound, interpreters are cheap, and, though he labor like Hercules, the amateur linguist will yet be only a duffer. Nevertheless, it is safe to assume that at this very moment several hundred intrepid zealots are wondering why the Germans made "shoe" masculine and "shirt" neuter, why the Japanese had to give two radically different pronunciations to every word in the dictionary, or why French verbs are so hopelessly flighty. That these speculations are futile, that the time might be put to more profitable use, that English has become the lingua franca of modern times—all this is of little moment. The fact remains that learning a foreign language is fascinating business. We do it for fun, and fool ourselves that it is useful.

During the war both the Army and Navy relied heavily on records in their language-training programs, and both reported fine success. The records actually used by the Army are now being sold to civilians as the Henry Holt Spoken Language Series. Utilizing a new method of presentation developed by the American Council of Learned Societies, these discs have aroused considerable controversy. The new method employed is known as spaced repetition. A sentence is first chopped into short sections. After the native speaker pronounces a phrase, the record tracks silently, affording the listener a chance to repeat each phrase for himself. When all the parts have been thus presented, the complete sentence is reassembled. Few objections are made to this, most people agreeing that it represents a remarkably painless way of learning simple phrases. However, the controversy concerns the wisdom of including English translations on the record. The Holt courses are unique in that they alternate spoken English with a foreign language.

The language records in widest circulation are undoubtedly those on the Linguaphone label. Courses issued by this British firm have received the imprimatur of such notables as H. G. Wells, Maurice Maeterlinck, and Paul Robeson. English is rigidly eschewed on Linguaphone foreign language records. Even the accompanying illustrated textbooks do away with English translations, the idea being that the student should learn from scratch to think in a foreign language. Though the Linguaphone courses have a playing time less than half that of the Holt sets, this cannot be taken as a measure of their respective contents, since the Holt records devote a large percentage of playing time to blank grooves, repetitions, and English translations. It should be noted that Linguaphone courses are more advanced than the Holt, introducing about 3,000 words per course as against Holt's average of 1,200.

Other available language record courses (among them, Decca's mystery story sets and Columbia's "Living Language" series) will be found in the following table. Any of them can serve as a good introduction to a foreign language, especially if the student is willing to apply himself diligently. With a language record course, even more than most other things, you get out of it what you put into it.

ROLAND GELATT.

LANGUAGE RECORD COURSES

Name of Course	Languages Available	Playing Time	Supplementary Items	Price	Remarks
Cortinaphone	French, German, Italian, Spanish	2 hours	Basic textbook, conversational book, dictionary, free consultation service by mail, carrying case.	$50.	Traditional textbook approach; rather old-fashioned. Spanish set recently revised and re-recorded.
Decca	French, German, Italian, Spanish	1 hour, 40 minutes	Textbook, grammar guide, dictionary, albums.	$39.95	Mystery-story presentation. A pleasant, non-academic approach.
Holt Spoken Language Series	Burmese, Chinese, Danish, Dutch, French, German, Greek, Hindustani, Hungarian, Italian, Japanese, Korean, Malay, Norwegian, Portuguese, Russian, Serbo-Croatian, Spanish, Thai, Turkish	4 hours	Same text as prepared by Linguistic Society of America for Army. Grammar, pronunciation, vocabulary building in one volume. Well integrated with recorded material, though phonetic transcriptions used in place of ordinary spelling are apt to be confusing. Supplementary lessons and short dictionary included in textbook. No case or albums.	$50.	The Army course. Spaced repetition principle. Painless, but also fairly elementary. English translations spoken on some records.
Languagephone	French, German, Italian, Spanish	1 hour, 50 minutes	Speaking and pronunciation manual, advanced manual (includes commercial letters and literary selections), textbooks (ten small paper-bound volumes), dictionary, carrying case.	$51.50	Increases in difficulty rapidly. Several lessons devoted to commercial letters and literary excerpts.
Linguaphone	Afrikaans, Arabic, Bengali, Chinese, Czech, Dutch, Esperanto, Finnish, French, German, Greek (classical), Hebrew, Hindustani, Irish, Italian, Japanese, Latin, Malay, Norwegian, Persian, Polish, Portuguese, Russian, Spanish, Swedish, Syriac	1 hour, 40 minutes	Textbook (illustrated), explanatory notes, grammar, vocabulary, commercial supplement, free consultation service by mail, carrying case. Linguaphone textbook material has been very intelligently devised.	$50.	Most popular courses have been revised and re-recorded within last five years. Also, several "brush-up" and advanced courses in the common languages. Courses in Oriental and classical languages vary in price.
Living Language (Columbia)	French, Spanish	2 hour	Conversation Manual (includes grammar), dictionary, record albums, and case.	$30.	The Army method adapted for civilians. Modified use of spaced repetition. Elementary. Little sustained conversation; mostly short, simple phrases and sentences.

Note: Cortinaphone and Linguaphone courses available to veterans under GI Bill of Rights.
Language courses may be rented from firms specializing in this service.
All records on shellac save Holt "Spoken Language," which are issued on Vinylite.

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Reviews of the Month

V V O is a symbol of phonographic as well as liquid quality this month with some worthy offerings derived from Vivaldi, Vaughan Williams and Offenbach. It may be noted, too, that Canteloube's "Songs of the Auvergne" are with us again, with the art of Madeleine Grey as sensitized as ever. Also in the current record crop are some scant but welcome excerpts from the seldom performed "Mikrokosmos" of Bela Bartók.

Calm Amid Chaos

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: *"Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra." Mitchell Miller, oboe, with orchestra directed by Daniel Saidenberg.* (Mercury album DM 7, $5.23.)

It was, superficially, an odd choice for Ralph Vaughan Williams to choose the sad, still voice of the oboe as the expression of his feelings during the war years of 1944 and 1945. But in a view other than superficial, the strongly expressive, almost defiantly subjective manner of this work was an answer to the English surroundings in which it was created—an affirmation of the composer's belief in the strength of the society in which he existed, whatever might be the temporary perils.

Certainly there is little music of contemporary origin save perhaps the Villa-Lobos "Bachianas Brasilieras No. 5"—with a longer, more affecting melodic breath than the slow section of Vaughan Williams's first movement. It could, possibly, have not been written without the instancing example of Debussy's "L'Après Midi," but one rather imagines that Debussy would have been happy to claim it for his own. Nor is this an isolated high spot: merely the most shapely curve in an assemblage of many.

With this performance, Miller is clearly established as one of the present-day masters of his instrument, less assertive but no less artistic than Leon Goosens, equal in ability if not in fame to the Philadelphia's Tabuteau and the Philharmonic's Gomberg. Saidenberg weaves a spell of comely string tone about him, and the whole is reproduced with the best simulation yet in this country of ffrr amplitude. Two pieces of Luis Milan, a sixteenth-century Spanish composer, are the suitable selections for the odd side—a pavane and a gigue.

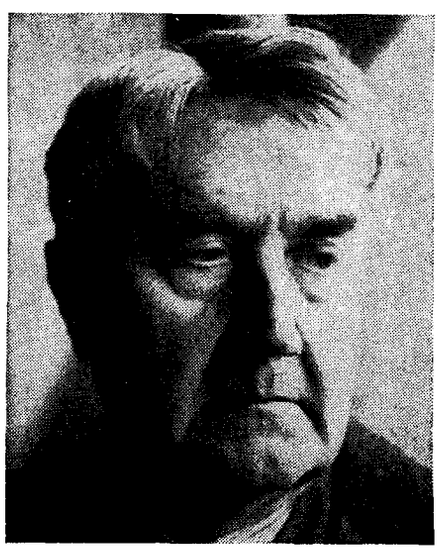
It might, incidentally, be worth the while of Mercury to distinguish albums of domestic origin from foreign ones by some distinction in the album covers, for the technical quality of those made here is, to date, considerably better than the Czecho-Slovak and Russian ones.

American and Good

DIAMOND: *"Romeo and Juliet," "The Tempest." Thomas K. Scherman conducting the Little Orchestra Society.* (Columbia album 751, $4.75.)

COPLAND: *"Rodeo" excerpts. Antal Dorati conducting the Dallas Symphony Orchestra.* (RCA Victor album 1224, $4.75.)

The challenge of Shakespeare's "Romeo" has been fairly irresistible for composers from Berlioz to Gounod, Tchaikovsky to Prokofieff—excepting such others as Delius—to the extent, indeed, that one wonders at Diamond's temerity in addressing himself to so formidable a comparison. However, the listening proves that his instinct as well as his music is sound; for he has managed, without flamboyance or obvious melodrama, a statement of the main themes in the drama that is both individual and expressive. Well developed, too, is the "Tempest" overture, a memento of the Zorina-Canada Lee production. The tolerable-in-the-concert-hall Little Orchestra is something less than that on discs: the string tone is shallow, the whole sound without aural magnetism.



—Courtesy British Information Services.

Vaughan Williams—"the sad, still voice of the oboe" to express his feelings.

No such strictures need be invoked about the playing by the Dallas Symphony of the four excerpts from Copland's "Rodeo": it appraises its task, seemingly, with an abundance of native enthusiasm (the locale, after all, could be the Panhandle). This faith is justified by the jaunty rhythms and shapely melodies of Copland's bunk-house ball, which repay the spirit of Dorati with a full measure of musical interest. On the sixth side is the attractive waltz from "Billy the Kid."

The robust recording is also well-rounded.

Freshness and Art

CANTELOUBE, MARIE-JOSEPH: *"Chants d'Auvergne." Madeleine Grey, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Elie Cohen.* (Columbia album 758, $4.75.)

Pointing, even with pride, is not approved in polite circles, but we breach the rule for once to note this release, instigated by readers of RECORDINGS. It proves that public demand can, on occasions, move even so implacable an entity as a recording company, and should be noted as a precedent when the subject comes up again. As one who parted with the original discs years ago on behalf of a collector whose need was greater than mine, I find the reissue a private as well as a public gain.

Moreover, it is gratifying to discover that memory of the unique quality of these unusual songs from the south of France over-valued neither their freshness, nor the art with which Grey delivers them. They run a considerable gamut of moods, but the best of them are those in a pensive, rather pastoral vein which suggest nothing so much as Wordsworth's "Solitary Reaper" singing of "old, unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago." The skill with which Canteloube embellished the basic tunes is one of the treasurable things in all folk-song literature, especially for those who can never hear enough of the oboe.

It is sometimes a little difficult to hear as clearly as one would wish, for the recording is probably fifteen years old, and the masters have a good deal of noise that no processing can eliminate. That, however, was to be expected, and we can only endorse Columbia for making the material available, and commend it to anyone who has a taste for an uncommon experience.

IRVING KOLODIN.

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Four Seasons

VIVALDI: *"Le Quattro Stagioni (The Four Seasons)." Bernardino Molinari conducting the Orchestra of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia.* (Cetra album 107, $12.04.)

Twenty years ago, the Italian conductor Bernardino Molinari exhumed Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" from the limbo of musical archives, dressed the composition up a bit for the uses of modern orchestras, and dedicated his transcription to Benito Mussolini, "powerful and impressive builder of a new social harmony." We can thank Maestro Molinari for bringing this music to our attention and for conducting it in the present Cetra album so agreeably. As for his inscription, we adjure him to pick future dedicatees with greater prescience and better judgment.

Antonio Vivaldi lived, worked, and died in Venice during the first half of the eighteenth century. The place and date are important, for they mark Vivaldi as a product of the Rationalist Era, in which intellect was held superior to nature, and ordered thought the worthiest achievement of man. John Dryden's delineation of the ideal poet can easily be directed to Vivaldi, a composer "who in his art can gently steer from grave to light, from pleasant to severe." The operative word here is "gently." Vivaldi was no man to tear a passion to tatters. When he treats of thunderstorms, of pestering flies, of frigid winds, it is not with the inflated melancholy of a Mahler, and when he turns to the festal sounds of pastoral piping or a scene of Bacchic revelry, he avoids the manic jubilation of a Richard Strauss. If Vivaldi can be said to have harbored anything so ungentle as a passion, it was a passion for the golden mean.

From the reference just made to thunderstorms, flies, and the like it will be deduced that Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" is a piece of program music. It is all of that and more, for Vivaldi here began a practice later perfected by Elgar and Strauss of annotating his score with verbal descriptions germane to the music at hand. Thus, in the midst of the opening movement of "Spring" we find the words, "The sky becomes overcast, and thunder and lightning follow," while directly below on the score a solo violin careens up and down to give the effect of lightning, and strings sounding in unison paint a tonal picture of driving rain.

Wearied as we now are by the late romantic orgy of introverted program music, we cannot help but look kindly on Vivaldi's charmingly explicit score, on this "pretended paraphrase, in musical notes, of so many sonnets on the

four seasons, wherein the author endeavors, by the force of harmony and particular modifications of air and measure, to excite ideas correspondent with the sentiments of the several poems." The description comes from the pen of Sir John Hawkins, Vivaldi's near contemporary, and we can afford to smile indulgently on his superior castigation of the work as "very ridiculous." There seems precious little of the ridiculous to us in the poetic slow movement of "Autumn," where soft strings play "con grande dolcezza" above a rambling cembalo.

Though just released in this country, the present recording dates back to the early 1940's. Sticklers for precision may object to the roughness of tone and attack, the occasional deviations from pitch, in which the strings of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia sometimes indulge, but to my mind these "faults" are amply expiated by the integrity and style of the interpretation. There is nothing slick about this playing, nothing insincere in the musical conception. Coupled with adequately luminous recording and quiet surfaces, this album provides a refreshing respite from late summer torpor. ROLAND GELATT.

BRINGING IVES ALIVE

(*Continued from page* 45)

much prefers to hear the flute over Walden."

This interchangeability of instruments in the music of Ives is the despair of performers who are eager to put Ives on their programs. Thus, a violin sonata may suddenly sprout a line for trumpet solo; the accompaniment for a song may reveal, without preliminary warning, a part for violin obbligato. Ives's works abound in cued-in parts for various instruments unmentioned in formal description of the music. Or else, Ives would put in an extra blue note, with a parenthetical remark: "Use Saturday night."

The "Concord Sonata" is transcendental music in the philosophical conception of the word. It is a new type of impressionism, in which ideas and convictions, and even politics, are used as programmatic content. It is because the music of Ives requires thought and penetration on the part of the performer that Ives is so insistent on giving a wide margin of interpretative freedom. Thus he remarks, "A metronome cannot measure Emerson's mind and oversoul, any more than the old Concord Steeple Bell could." In another place Ives directs the player to strike the notes with the thumb "in as strong and hard a way as possible, almost as though the Mountains of the Universe were shouting as all of Humanity rises to behold the 'Massive Eternities' and the 'Spiritual Immensities'." And there is a visual thrill in store for those watching a "live" performance of the "Concord Sonata," when, in the "Hawthorne" movement, the pianist picks up a strip of board and applies it to play two-octave groups of notes on the black or on the white keys, to illustrate Hawthorne's "Celestial Railroad."

Here is another Ivesian footnote: "The melodychords in R. H. are but to suggest some of the outdoor sounds over the Concord Hills and the right-foot pedal beginning here can be guided by the phrase marks in the upper clef." There are also such asides as, "A drum corps gets the best of the band—for a moment."

Ives is extremely sensitive to musical symbols, motives and mottoes expressive of inner contents of the music. In the "Concord Sonata," Ives makes repeated use of the initial four notes of Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony." He uses the motive explicitly in "The Alcotts" movement: "And there sits the little old spinet-piano Sophia Thoreau gave to the Alcott children, on which Beth played the old Scotch airs, and played at the 'Fifth Symphony'."

Much has been written about the prophetic use by Ives of the devices of polytonality, atonality and polyrhythmy. But these modern techniques are employed by Ives not as sophisticated enchantment of ultra-modern music, but as a natural soul-extension to reach for the transcendental. Alternating with agonized discords, Ives writes tunes of tender simplicity. Ives's melodies are unmistakably American, church-hymn American, or ballad-like American, or barn-dance American. Perhaps in this combination of homely reminiscence and complex rhythm and harmony, lies the secret of the uniqueness of Ives. This is also the reason why, despite so few performances, the music of Ives has become a source of irresistible attraction to the new generation of American composers.

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Recordings Reports on Classical Releases

See Page 57 for Pop Releases

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bach: "Fantasy and Fugue in D." Guiomar Novaes, piano. Columbia album X298, $3.90.	Good Bach and good Novaes are as close a guarantee for musical satisfaction as the present day offers. The work is among the most fanciful of Bach, and the lady plays it with the loving touch and the lively feeling which are her special strengths.
Bartók: "Mikrokosmos" excerpts. Maro Ajemian, piano. RCA Victor 12-0343, $1.25.	It is good to see a little attention to this remarkable exposition of Bartók's musical faith, though this is almost too little—a single side pairing of a "Rondo" and a "Bulgarian Dance." However, Miss Ajemian knows the style and dispenses it persuasively. Overside, she is heard with sister Anahid, violinist, in a Khatchaturian "Chant Poeme" which should sweeten the tastes embittered by Bartók's dissonances.
Beethoven: "Quartet in B flat, Opus 18 No. 6." Budapest String Quartet. Columbia album 754, $4.75.	Staunch and sensitive attention to a particularly attractive Beethoven quartet, which has been a blank space in the American catalogues for several years. This is a "first" for the Budapests, and one which notches a little higher respect for their capacities. Finely balanced recording of surprising naturalness.
Dvorak: "Slavonic Dances," George Szell and the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra. Columbia album 756, $4.75.	Dull recording is a primary fault in this effort, which is not enhanced by Szell's "arrangement" of the "Dances"—Nos. 1, 3, 4, 8, and 10—or his curiously unstable pace. In any case, the Talich-Czech Philharmonic complete edition is the last word on this subject, of which this isn't even a distant echo.
Falla: "Siete Canciones Populares Españolas." Carmen Torres, soprano. John Newmark, piano. RCA Victor album 1223, $3.50.	The material is superb, and Miss Torres is a talented singer, but she has not yet either the technique or the temperament to meet its requirements. One might forgive vocal lapses were she able to suggest what so great an artist as Supervia made of these songs, but there is little spiritual satisfaction in her work. The recording is good enough.
Falla: "Tricorne." Alceo Galliera conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Columbia album X297, $3.50.	Sure-handed work by Galliera and round, well-sounding recording give this issue precedence over the only other contemporary set, by Fiedler and the Boston "Pops." Included are the sections called "The Neighbors," "The Miller's Dance," and the finale.
Glazounow: "Moyen Age" suite. Fabien Sevitzky conducting the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1222, $3.50.	Just what the reason may be for this release eludes me, for to call the music commonplace is to give an unworthy emphasis to that rather moderate word. In any case, one cannot deplore the wastage of precious skills or high-class reproduction on this potboiler, for the only things deplorable about the album are the music, the performance, and the reproduction. It is RCA's worst in a long time.
Handel: "Faithful Shepherd" suite. Hans Kindler conducting the National Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor album 1224, $3.50.	A different set of excerpts than those utilized in the Beecham album, which is welcome enough. However, the arrangement by Kindler is loud and brassy, the conducting in a similar vein of amplitude. Not much subtlety at any point. Plenty of tone in the reproduction, much of it rough.
Liszt: "Sonetto del Petrarca No. 104." William Kapell, piano. RCA Victor 12-1324, $1.25.	Competent finger-work by Kapell, and frequently well-sounding piano tone, but not enough of the emotional abandon required. It is all too reserved, mathematically calculated.
Offenbach: Excerpts from "Perichole" and "Contes d'Hoffman." Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. Columbia album X 299, $2.90.	A neat fit of interpreter and material, to the close point of perfection in the "Barcarolle," where Tourel sings the alto part to the mezzo soprano of soprano Tourel. More than a stunt, too. The "Perichole" excerpts include the beguiling "Je t'adore," well-sung if not quite with the magic of Teyte. Maurice Abravanel is the able conductor.
Schumann: "Liederkreis." Helen Traubel, soprano. Columbia album 752, $5.90.	Miss Traubel is to be admired for her enterprise, but if these are the correct tempi and phrasings, such lieder specialists as Schorr, Lehmann, and Gerhardt have been misleading us for years. In addition, the singer cannot establish the mood of such a song as "Mondnacht" before it is over, and "Waldesgesprächt" has none of the witchery created by Schumann. The accompaniments are by Coenraad V. Bos, but no credit to him. Miss Traubel's sumptuous tones are well reproduced, the piano rather poorly.
Smetana: "Wallenstein's Camp." Rafael Kubelik conducting the Czech Philharmonic. Mercury album DM 11, $3.92.	An oddity from the literature of Smetana, and not much fun. Second-rate writing, and antiquated recording. However, the performance is spirited, for those Smetana fanciers who cherish every note he wrote.
Strauss: "Roses from the South" and other waltzes. Miliza Korjus, soprano. RCA Victor album 1221, $3.50.	Ornate, charmless singing by the bell-toned Korjus, who doesn't ring it here. Once a side a word emerges which surprisingly suggests that the text is in English. Antal Dorati conducts well, but the "arrangements" will not add to his fame. Bright, ample recording.
Strauss: "Dance of the Seven Veils." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic. RCA Victor 12-0344, $1.25.	A dazzling performance, magnificently reproduced. Orchestral artistry of a high order which suggests that the Royal Philharmonic is now probably the best English orchestra, and the equal of any of ours. IRVING KOLODIN

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Beethoven–Symphony No. 6 in F Major; "Pastorale"; Philadelphia Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor. *ML 4010.*
Bizet–Excerpts from "Carmen"; Rise Stevens, Raoul Jobin, Nadine Conner, Robert Weede. *ML 4013.*
Brahms–Concerto in D for Violin and Orchestra; Joseph Szigeti, Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. *ML 4015.*
Chopin–Piano Music of Chopin; Maryla Jonas. *ML 2004.*
Debussy–Two Nocturnes; Pines of Rome (Respighi); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. *ML 4020.*
Dvorak – Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, Op. 95 ("From the New World"); Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, Conductor. *ML 4023.*
Foster–Music of Stephen Foster; Andre Kostelanetz and His Orchestra. *ML 2007.*
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Mozart–Symphony No. 40 in G Minor (K. 550); Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, Conductor. *ML 2008.*
Schubert–Symphony No. 8 in B Minor; "Unfinished"; Philadelphia Orchestra, Bruno Walter, Conductor. *ML 2010.*
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Tchaikowsky–Symphony No. 5 in E Minor; Cleveland Orchestra, Artur Rodzinski, Conductor. *ML 4052.*
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Some Highs and Lows

THE DIAMOND POINT

A RECENT discussion of needles here ended with mention of the diamond point as a last resort for hypochondriacs like myself who would do almost anything to get a really "permanent" needle. For hard-boiled souls who can enjoy music via a blunted and maimed needle, the diamond is beside the point, but for anyone who does suffer from needle-nerves, the latest information on the diamond front should at least be at hand—and here it is. Good, too.

The diamond is the hardest substance known to man—that we often hear. But I, for one, was not aware how very much harder it is than the next-to-hardest material, sapphire, until an obliging correspondent named a rough figure, "eighty-five times as hard." There is the interesting question, just what is "times as hard" here—but let that pass; it is enough to be aware that the step from sapphire to diamond is far greater than most of us would have imagined and that, presumably, the difference in durability is correspondingly great.

But why is such extreme hardness necessary? From cactus and ordinary steel we have graduated to chromium, precious metals, and in recent years the tremendously hard substance, sapphire; is it really necessary to move on farther—eighty-five times farther—to the king of jewels?

It is a matter of tons per square inch. The needle point is so small (the microgroove point is three times again as small) that, though the weight above be featherlike, even so the *pressure per square inch*, concentrated on a few hundredths of an inch area, is so enormous that the potential friction with the record is tremendously damaging to any substance subjected to it. It takes two to make friction, and the record also wears. But remember that record wear is distributed evenly over hundreds of feet of groove, whereas the whole terrific brunt bears upon the two sides of the tiny rounded needle "point." It's not surprising, then, that if we expect a needle to stay in shape for more than five or ten minutes of play we must turn to the hardest known substances.

Diamonds have been in use for years in professional instalations, radio stations and so on; only recently have they become practicable for the home—as usual, in two forms, the built-in permanent diamond tip with guard, and the removable S-type needle with diamond tip, for old-style pickups. Without a doubt the most satisfactory is the built-in. The occasion for this writing is my own satisfaction, after six-odd months of hard use, with two diamonds, one in a Pickering cartridge, the other in a GE variable reluctance. The first cost of these, to be sure, is a bit staggering; a good many times that of the sapphire-equipped cartridge. But mind you, it is nowhere near eighty-five times, and hence in the long run represents a wear bargain. As a result of my continuing experience I now suggest that for all intensive playing with any type of magnetic pickup that has not a quickly replaceable needle the diamond should be considered standard quality equipment, the sapphire as substandard, for light use only (or frequent replacement). I think you will find this type of thinking on the increase everywhere. You may return your Pickering cartridge for a replacement diamond point; not so the GE, but you can afford to scrap the old cartridge. Moreover the diamond GE cartridges are individually tested for performance.

The first removable-type diamond needles were, as might be expected, aimed at the snob trade and sold, with fancy wrappings, for as much as $50. A poor bargain, considering the risk of damage to an unprotected projecting point. But now the first of (I expect) a series of reasonably priced diamonds has appeared for as low as $10. I have not tested the Tetrad needle in any precision way, but for this greatly lowered price it looks to me like an excellent risk. (It is circumspectly packaged, too, an indication of the right kind of thinking!) With diamonds this low, their use at home, subject to general safety conditions as discussed here in the June RECORDINGS, becomes a practical matter, especially if you can buy or concoct a spring guard to protect the projecting point from Sudden Death.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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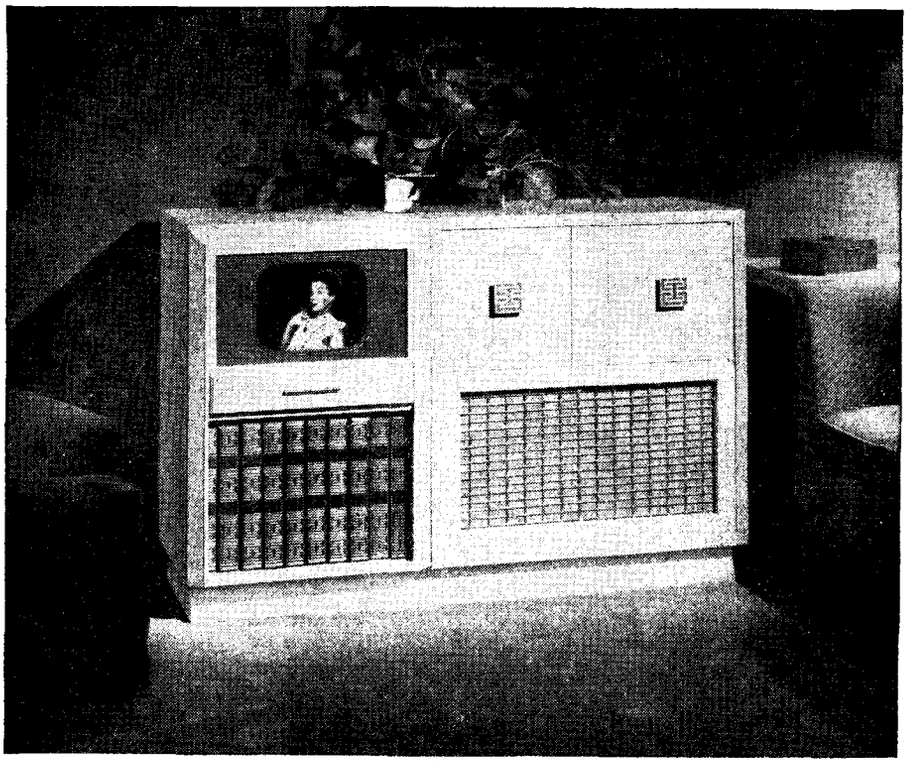
THE OTHER SIDE

ALFRED CORTOT is back in the recording studios! Will this information send anticipatory thrills coursing through the present generation of record collectors? It is much to be doubted. Therefore, to hurdle that baleful stigma of the unknown, I shall lay on praise of his re-recording of Schumann's "Kinderscenen" (HMV DB 6700/1) with a trowel. Records like these can fill even a crotchety critic with wonder and elation. If every embryo professional pianist were to listen to—and profit from—this performance, how happy would the concertgoer's lot become! Is it objected that Cortot is now seventy, that he occasionally plays a wrong note? Very well then, let the objections pour in. There are qualities here far transcending digital perfection.

After hearing some Spanish HMV discs of the soprano Victoria de Los Angeles in Paris last winter, I wondered how long the career of such a magnetic singer could remain immured south of the Pyrenees. Her fame apparently sped fast, for shortly afterwards she appeared in England. A recording of two arias from de Falla's "La Vida Breve" (HMV DB 6702) resulted from that trip. Listening to Victoria de Los Angeles, one is at once reminded of the lamented Conchita Supervia. There is the same magical Spanish timbre, delicate shading of the pitch, and electrifying vibrato coupled with musical understanding of the highest order. Both for de Falla's intensely affective music and as an introduction to a remarkable vocal artist, this disc is recommended.

A first recording of Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Skazka" is at hand, performed by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Constant Lambert's direction (English Col DX 1485/6). Brightly orchestrated and even more brightly recorded, this orchestral "fairy tale" in the composer's usual glib vein makes for pleasant listening but is hardly recommended as a constant companion. Another lightweight composition comes from the pen of Rimsky's most illustrious pupil, Igor Stravinsky. In the "Concerto for Strings in D Major," commissioned in 1946 by Paul Sacher, Basle's adventuresome *chef d'orchestre*, and recorded by the Hallé Orchestra under Barbirolli (HMV C 3733/4), Stravinsky appears more genially than is his wont these days. Delightfully contrived music this, but again not the kind of writing built for wear and tear. The Hallé strings are velvety as always, but Stravinsky would probably prefer everything a bit tighter and drier. R. G.



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THE YOUNGER SET

IT WILL be many a day before two more delightful productions than "Many a Moon" and "Bambi" are offered for the young listeners. Why the record makers haven't previously utilized such material as James Thurber's is a puzzle, but Virginia Harden's adaptation of "Many a Moon" is welcome indeed, as a standard by which Columbia may measure its future issues of children's records. (M. J. 46, $2.25, Vinylite.) Joan Lazar is the voice of the little princess who could be cured if she gets her wish—merely the moon—and John Lansing, her kingly father, are both excellent, the supporting cast well directed. That ingredient of humor, which one often seeks in vain in children's records, is notably present here.

Whether you remember the Shirley Temple of "Little Colonel" days or the motherly Mrs. John Agar of today, her treatment of "Bambi" perpetuates the image of her as one of the ideal children of all time. Her talent as an entertainer is happily employed in these selections from Felix Salten's classic, embellished by music and background effects from the Disney film. The sequences are interesting and easily followed, the songs lively. (RCA Victor Y 395, $3.50, unbreakable.)

Another of the legendary heroes of American lore has been brought to life on records with Victor's release of "Johnny Appleseed," as treated in Walt Disney's "Melody Time." The travels of the real-life John Chapman, who left lessons in kindness and faith—as well as appleseeds—wherever he went, are admirably suited for narration, especially with so versatile a performer as Dennis Day at hand. Needless to say, he sings well. As in "Johnny Stranger," Victor has managed to combine education with entertainment in a highly successful manner. (Y 368, $3.50, unbreakable.)

Of livelier American heroes there is no lack, either. Youthful venerators of Roy Rogers will find him in fine form in "Pecos Bill," where Rogers sings and his horse Trigger neighs his record debut in as fetching a duet as we have recently heard. Enthusiasm for such characters as "Pecos Bill"—"the toughest critter west of the Alamo"—is perpetual, and the recorded successors to the dime novels of old have folk songs to enliven them. (RCA Victor Y 368, $3.50, unbreakable.)

Though a few instruments remain in the symphony orchestra which haven't been glorified à la "Tubby the Tuba" or "Celeste," the cycle has swung over to the modern jazz band in "Sylvester the Seal." (RCA Victor Y 375, $2.25, unbreakable.) In this saga of Sylvester, who plays the trumpet and aspires to play in "Benny Bunny's Broadway Band," all the characters are animals. And why not, since musicians call each other "cats," and "Danny the Hep Cat" is the leading influence in Sylvester's success? The live "cats" are such able jazzmen as Bobbie Hackett (trumpet) and Joe Marsala (clarinet). Irving Townsend wrote the story, which is well-narrated by Eddie Mayhoff. It could be that Sylvester the Seal and Tubby the Tuba may well join forces, Petrillo—and the ASPCA—permitting. Another job of personalizing a musical instrument is "Concertina Who Crossed the Country," linked to the California gold rush. Even with such songs as "Betsy from Pike" and "Erie Canal" the story is rather dull and lacking in interest. (Young People's Records, $1.59, unbreakable.)

Decca's valuable series "For Children Who Ask Questions" provides new answers for inquiring minds in "What Are Stars?" (Decca C.U. 112, $2) and "Why Do I Have to Sleep?" (Decca C. U. 111, $2, both unbreakable.) The factual material is presented in an informative way, without departing from a simplicity suitable to a child's level. Robert MacLean and Eric Street wrote the original stories, and the music is by George Duning. The approach throughout is intelligent, and the series is functionally suited to the alert young mind. For the pre-school group, "Building a City" is a useful "activity" record which encourages a child to join in the wheelbarrowing, steam-shoveling, and wall-painting. Tom Glazer sings the "work" songs engagingly. (Young People's Records 711, $1.59, unbreakable.)

Incidentally, the children have not been forgotten in Columbia's Long Playing selections, for the first batch lists a pair of things the youngsters will like: "Patter Songs from Gilbert and Sullivan," sung by Nelson Eddy (Columbia ML 4027, $4.85) and "Peter and the Wolf" and "Treasure Island" (Columbia ML 4038, $4.85), both with Basil Rathbone. All Long Playing records are Vinylite, of course,—a feature which economy-minded parents will appreciate.

MARIE L. MUTCH.

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THE JAZZ BEAT

SIC TRANSIT SOMETHING OR OTHER

AFTER three or four alarmingly gaunt months of jazz record releases, it may be well to ponder the whys and wherefores of such a situation. It may be pertinent to raise that formerly hip question, which has now fallen into disrepute due to its extreme age of nearly two years, to wit—*wha' hoppeen?*

Many things have happened to this segment of folk-artistry called jazz. Of course, the most important factor contributing to the delinquency of current recording is the cold war now being waged between Mr. Petrillo and the record manufacturers. The companies which make the records were, quite understandably, anxious to cut plenty of Crosby-Sinatra-Como wax before the ban, to the comparative neglect of pure jazz. So now, eight months into '48, if the manufacturers are reaching the bottom of the barrel on popular records, it can be assumed that the decent jazz sides are just about exhausted. The recent releases lend considerable weight to this assumption. Without going into the grievances of labor or management, it may be ventured that, whatever either may gain, music itself will suffer.

In addition to this, there is the feeling that fewer people today than ever before are concerned whether the companies issue important jazz or not. Why is it that in France and to a slightly lesser extent the rest of Europe *our* jazz is a wonderfully alive and controversial thing (there have been near-riots in Paris between the schisms of bebop and classical jazz), while in the land where it was born it is popular only watered-down and over-arranged? And jazz is not a fad in Europe; it has been admired there for decades.

There is one encouraging note. Rudi Blesh, head of Circle Records, and Ross Russell, president of Dial Records, both companies recording only jazz, have stated that the big record shops have noted an increased demand for jazz among their "classical" customers. Although I have always wanted to think that pure jazz is the music of the American people, that a more ingenuous and *popular* form of expression could hardly be imagined, it would seem that it is to become the province of the intellectual collector. It is difficult to categorize jazz as something recondite and precious but that is what the sales figures tell the record manufacturers. Sic transit something or other. You seldom hear Bartók on the Hit Parade.

CHARLIE PARKER QUINTET: *"Scrapple from the Apple"; "Don't Blame Me."* (Dial 1021, $1.05.)

On the first side, which incidentally is one of the finest bebop recordings to date, Charlie Parker proves for any doubters that this type of jazz can be as heated and compelling as any of the more traditional approaches. Between Parker's alto and Max Roach's drumming, "Scrapple" emerges as a most effective essay on the art of bop.

WILD BILL DAVISON AND HIS COMMODORES: *"Muskrat Ramble"; "Riverboat Shuffle."* (Commodore 618, $1.05.)

Aside from a tendency of the musicians to tighten up (as they threaten to rush the bejasper out of the tempo), these are two excellent examples of Manhattan Dixieland. Most notable is Wild William's exciting, rambling horn on "Muskrat."

LEADBELLY: *"Backwater Blues"; "Irene."* (Capitol 40130, 79¢.)

Now that Huddie Ledbetter is more widely available on a Capitol red-label, it is to be hoped that this present-day minstrel will achieve a popularity befitting his great artistic stature. Although these are not his best efforts, there is enough in them to make you want to look up the splendid old Musicraft and Disc classics by this greatest folk-singer of them all.

JAZZ GILLUM: *"Hand Reader Blues"; "You Should Give Some Away."* (Victor 20-2964, 75¢.)

Side one is a delightful up-tempoed rigadoon designed for the Deep-South honkey-tonk set in which Maestro Gillum discourses upon the efforts of a hand reader or *conjuh-man* to change the luck of his client.

BENNY GOODMAN SEXTET: *"Love Is Just Around the Corner"; "Cherokee."* (Capitol 15166, 79¢.)

Can these almost imperceptible overtones of bebop be a product of Benny Goodman? It serves him right for hanging around with those evil progressive chaps like Stan Hasselgard and Don Lamond. At any rate, the old master sounds surpassingly fine on these. GILBERT MCKEAN.

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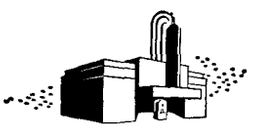

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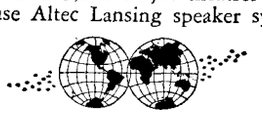

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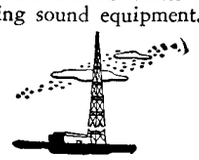

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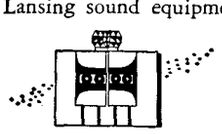

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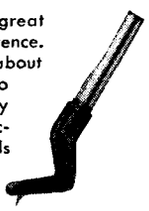

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HITS AND MISSES

AS THE major political parties distend their windbags in the quadrennial debate our favorite editorial comes to us in the form of a Calypso-style number by Jesse Stone and his orchestra. Called "The Donkey and the Elephant" (RCA Victor 20-2988, 75¢), it suggests that neither of these fauna seem particularly impressive in such disenchanted regions as the Caribbean, and Mr. Stone's coolly objective appraisal of the forces of Messrs. Truman and Dewey is managed in some very amusing stanzas indeed. The record is not only an excellent antidote for the fevers of a Presidential year; on the reverse Mr. Stone presents an eloquent boudoir directive entitled "Don't Let It Get Away."

While Mr. Stone is occupied with Carib comment on the American processes of elective government, the equally comical Slim Gaillard is busy with a wonderful ribbing of Caribbean music. As a strictly monolingual citizen of the U. S., we have for years wished that rhumba bands, at least while visiting away from home, would play more purely instrumental music and sing fewer of their, to us, inscrutable songs. They can, of course, scarcely be blamed for sticking to their last, yet it is an incontrovertible fact that music is a good deal closer to a universal language than are the babel tongues of Latin America. Hence in "Puerto-Vootie" (MGM 10231, 75¢), we are naturally gratified to find the gifted Gaillard trio laying down irresistible tropic rhythms while the leader utters a mass of gibberish which is richly reminiscent of Caribbean singing but, we are delighted to realize, means absolutely nothing.

The time will undoubtedly come when a good deal of graduate-school attention will be paid to the field of American popular music. Its heroes, such as Bing Crosby, have already proved themselves so durable as to challenge pedantic analysis, and The Groaner may expect to be immortalized by the doctors of music, as well as on the grooved discs. We have no desire whatever to anticipate the complete Crosby literature but, while the man still sings, would merely pass on a hint to those who will build him a memorial of paper. And that is that Crosby's full artistry came only after, a good while after, he had achieved worldwide fame—to be more exact, it came toward the end of the Thirties. Columbia has just issued an album of earlier Crosby favorites—"I've Got to Pass Your House," "Moonstruck," "Let's Put Out the Lights," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?," "Black Moonlight," "A Ghost of a Chance," and "Temptation" (Columbia album 762, $4.90). These will, in the main, come as something of a shock to those who have not recently sampled the Crosby output prior to the mid-Thirties. The unique voice quality was there, and the fluent, rhythmic phrasing so rare among popular singers. But often Crosby indulged in the musical equivalent of the actor's mugging—singing with a perfervid exaggeration of sentiment—and his pace was frequently hurried. In more recent years the mugging disappeared; his sense of the sentimental weight to impose on a song became precise—the ironic touch was always at his service; he acquired a lyric poise which, with its concomitant of improved breath control, allowed him to float out phrases with the buoyancy of true *cantilena*. In short, a popular singer emerged who was not only famous but superb—something for the musical doctors to ponder.

The Afro-American folk department provides two sound items this month. The blues singer Arthur "Big Boy" Crudup does "Boy Friend Blues" and "Katie May" (RCA Victor 20-2989, 75¢) with an agile guitar, string bass, and drums; the rugged effort reminds us of what more refined blues performances usually ignore—that blues are traditionally a tension, an antiphony between the voice and its instrumental accompaniment; if the latter is not of an interest equal to the voice, the presentation is half dead. And the Heavenly Gospel Singers in "Lead Me to the Rock" and "Heavenly Gospel Train" (RCA Victor 20-3009, 75¢) devote a passionate, polyphonic syncopation to matters of the spirit in that Deep Southern style which is a rebuke to the over-sweetened, conservatory brand of spiritual.

Finally, we mention the electric guitar solos of Les Paul, "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" and "Man on the Flying Trapeze" (Capitol 15147, 79¢) for the sake of adding that while his skill with the device is apparent, the instrument itself seems to us an abomination. The evanescent, classic guitar has been described as filled with moonlight, but the fruity, overripe emanations of the electric model, as well as the slick mannerisms of most performers on it, can only be described as pure neon.

WILDER HOBSON.

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Recordings Reports on Current Pop Releases

PERFORMER, SONG, DATA	REPORT
Brown, Les: "Blue Danube" Columbia 38250, 75¢.	In the hands of Brown's impious and aggressive brassmen, the old waltz makes a splendid stomp recommended for parlor parading or the general obliteration of calm. "Sophisticated Swing," an original, is less so.
Davis, Beryl: "The Blue Room" and "Don't Blame Me." RCA Victor 20-3019, 75¢.	A pair of well-established numbers, done in the mode of the moment by the capable English vocalist. Some indication, however, that Miss Davis is tampering with her naturally good style. She shouldn't.
Delta Rhythm Boys: "My Blue Heaven" and "I Can't Tell a Lie to Myself." RCA Victor 20-3007, 75¢.	Handsome super-barber-shop harmonizing, with saxophone embellishment successfully applied to Walter Donaldson's fireside classic and a newer tune of agreeable proportions.
Lee, Peggy: "Don't Be So Mean to Baby." Capitol 15159, 79¢.	Another in the series of Peggy Lee-Dave Barbour boudoir laments, sung with confiding coziness by the lyric-writing Lee. "Just a Shade on the Blue Side," overside, isn't much for the name of Carmichael it bears.
Heath, Ted: "You Go to My Head." London 259, 79¢.	Neat one-string work by guitarist Pete Chilvers is the distinction of this overseas exercise in the American jazz manner. Trumpeter Kenny Baker does his best imitation to date of Harry James on the overside "Dark Eyes," but the "wild" style isn't attractive, either first or second hand.
McKinley, Ray: "All the Way from San Jose." RCA Victor 20-2993, 75¢.	The drumming McKinley is one of the pleasantest vocalists of the Texas school, aided here by arrangements which prove that writing for a dance band needn't be hackneyed. Subdued passages for baritone sax and low-register trombone are an attractive variation of the usual, and the use of two saxes in simultaneous, differing background solos has been virtually forgotten since Art Hickman devised it.
Mercer, Johnny: "Love That Boy." Capitol 15152, 79¢.	High-spirited Mercer pushes the provincial charm almost to ear-itation in this well-rhymed item from "The Night Has a Thousand Eyes." Overside is a revival of "Louisville Lou" which suggests why vaudeville died.
Oliver, Sy: "Scotty." MGM 10255, 75¢.	A progress report on the band of the admired arranger Oliver suggests little progress prior to termination of recording. A rather routine jump number by George Duvivier, paired with a sleepy ballad "If You Believed in Me" darkly intoned by Henry Wells.
Shelton, Anne: "Where or When." London 255, 79¢.	Warm-voiced musing on the theme of a favorite Rodgers-Hart song, by one of Britain's best. "Time May Change" is an unfamiliar tune to me, but Miss Shelton may do much to change that situation.
Shore, Dinah: "Love That Boy." Columbia 38260, 75¢.	Despite the evidence appended to the Mercer disc noted above, the label of this record contends that "Love that Boy" should be credited to something called "Race Street." In any case, Miss Shore sings it with appropriate zest, and changes both her mood and her manner for "This Is the Moment," a Frederick Hollander tune of considerable attractiveness, which is paired with it.
Slack, Freddie: "Kitten on the Keys." Capitol 15155, 79¢.	Brown may trifle with "Blue Danube" if he wants to, but purists will be outraged to find Slack adding a boogie-bass to this classic "rag." The "Kitten" thus sounds more like a bear. Charlotte Blackburn, a childish-sounding vocalist, is assisting artist on "Steal Away Easy, Baby," its partner.
Stewart, Freddie: "For All We Know." Capitol 15161, 79¢.	Another revival, by a new and ingratiating vocalist. Don't look for competition to "Bing" here, for Freddie in this case is a female or the lightest tenor since little Jack Little.
Williams, Cootie: "Stingy Blues." Capitol 15164, 79¢.	Convincing blues shouting by an unidentified virtuoso; it may be the gifted "Cootie" himself, but the label is noncommital . . . as it is about the singer of "Bring 'Em Down Front" with which it is coupled.
Valdes, Miguelito: "Loca Pasion." Columbia 38250, 75¢.	Engaging Cubanola by one of the best practitioners in that crowded field. "Loca Pasion" is slow tempo, "En Tampa" more agitated, but both are delivered with authority.

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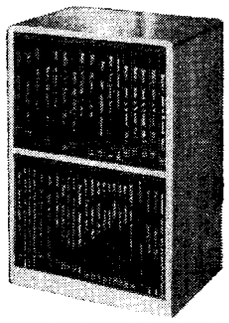

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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

More Americans

SIR: Herewith an extension to your suggested list of American works for recording: Copland ("Third Symphony"), Gould ("Spirituals for String Choir and Orchestra"), Bernard Hermann ("Welles Raises Cain"), Hindemith ("Metamorphoses on Themes of Von Weber") and Ives ("Third Symphony").

WILLIAM H. CONNORS.

St. Louis, Mo.

SIR: I was delighted to read your recommendation of Aaron Copland's "Second Hurricane" for recording, anticipating its public recognition and reproduction for six years, since participating in a performance at the High School of Music and Art in New York City. It was truly a work that inspired pleasure. . . .

FRANCIS BAER.

Long Beach, N. Y.

Concert Hall Society

SIR: In your record reviews I noticed references to records issued by the Concert Hall Society, subscription only. Could you give me information where they can be obtained?

H. PETER SCHWARTZ.

Colchester, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Information about subscription rates, catalogue, etc., can be obtained directly from the Concert Hall Society, 250 W. 57th St., New York City.*

Symphony to a Side

SIR: I wish to call your attention to an error you made in your recent article. . . . In reference to Columbia's new Long Playing recordings, you stated that "Columbia's symphony to a side or two two-poems to two sides will satisfy," etc. This is a gross misstatement and very misleading.

PAUL G. MAYLAHN.

Ridgewood, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Mr. Maylahn incorporates his own answer by stating, at a further point: "It would be possible in the case of the shorter symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann, etc., to couple two symphonies on one twelve-inch LP record and thus have a symphony to a side." This was exactly my thought, since present records contain as much as twenty-five minutes of music, and the cut can be utilized for even more. I don't endorse, at all, Columbia's idea of splitting the Eighth of Beethoven on two sides of a ten-inch record, and hope that future releases will be more intelligently planned.*

Gurrelieder, Again

SIR: The following correspondence speaks for itself. In response to an ad, I received this card:

"I have an album, played once, of Schönberg's 'Gurrelieder,' I'd like to sell."

And here is the response to my query about price:

"Sorry your card found me out of town. My price is the current $150 mentioned. Should I bring it down Friday?"

Our record department thought you might like to see this correspondence, with a view to publicizing the ridiculous prices asked for "collector's items."

RABSON'S, INC.

New York, N. Y.

In Re Mengelberg

SIR: Has the magnificent, but old, performance of Tchaikovsky's "Romeo and Juliet" overture by Mengelberg and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra become a collector's item of any value? It is an early Columbia pressing (with a great deal of surface noise). Also can you advise me as to the best performance on records of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis"?

DAN SELTZER.

Miami Beach, Fla.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *This set is still listed in the current Columbia catalogue, so it would scarcely have a premium value. As for the "Missa Solemnis," the old Polydor-Bruno Kittel Choir was preferable as a performance to the less old Koussevitzky-Boston Symphony, much inferior as a recording. I would not urge either, for with all the choral activity in recent European recordings, it would seem that a new version would be forthcoming fairly soon.*

A Vote for Harris

SIR: Why in the world doesn't someone re-issue the recordings of Marian Harris? I am one of many who would be glad to be saved the effort of rooting around in musty second-hand shops for scratched and worn examples of the work of this excellent singer. What about a really good "Memorial Album"?

JIM CHICHESTER.

New York, N. Y.

"Bums" No Longer

SIR: Congratulations on that fine review by "Red" Barber on "A Cantata Grows in Brooklyn" [RECORDINGS May 29]. What I'd like to see now is a whole series by Barber, rapping the legend that we in Brooklyn are some kind of freaks.

GEORGE PANETTA.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *If Mr. Barber is freed from World Series broadcasting activities, due to the failure of Brooklyn to win the pennant, I'm sure he'll undertake it as soon as the baseball season is over.*

"Songs of Our Times"

SIR: Your point in re "the old times" [RECORDINGS May 29] may be well taken, but your choice of an example of an echo of a world "more orderly and more attractive" than today's is not as good as it might have been. I remember "Little White Lies" in 1931 or thereabouts: Jobs were hard to find, things were pretty rugged. As bad as today's times are, they're better than the early Thirties. Agree?

JACK RADOW.

Toledo, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The example was not chosen without anticipation of such an objection, BUT—it seems evident, to me, that the troubles of the Thirties were pretty much our own, which we could correct or improve within our own borders . . . no "veto," no A-bomb, no ERP. Nineteen hundred and thirty-one stills looks brighter to me (I had something printed for the first time in that year, anyway).*

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Records Over the Nation

A Dealer Survey of Top Record Sellers

City and Store	*Popular Singles*	*Popular Albums*	*Classical Singles*	*Classical Albums*
ATLANTA (*Tyler's Gramophone Shop*)	You Came a Long Way (RCA)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Wiegenlied (Eng C)	Purcell Society (C)
BERKELEY, CALIF. (*Berkeley Music House*)	Little White Lies (D)	Dorothy Shay #2 (C)	Fiddle-Faddle (RCA)	Concord Sonata (C)
BIRMINGHAM (*Stairway to Music*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Ken Griffin (R)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Tagliavini (RCA)
BOSTON (*Mosher Music Co.*)	Underneath the Arches (L)	Emperor Waltz (D)	Bluebird (RCA)	Sibelius Second (RCA)
CINCINNATI (*Steinberg's, Inc.*)	Bluebird (MGM)	Jolson, Vol. III (D)	Casta Diva (Cet)	Rosenkavalier Suite (C)
DALLAS (*The Record Shop*)	My Happiness (Da)	Oklahoma! (D)	Jalousie (RCA)	Brahms Requiem (C)
DETROIT (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	12th Street Rag (Cap)	Emperor Waltz (D)	Bachianas Brasileiras (C)	Gaité Parisienne (RCA)
KANSAS CITY, MO. (*Jenkins Music Co.*)	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Blue Danube (RCA)	Music of Lecuona (RCA)
LOS ANGELES (*Birkel-Richardson Co.*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Voices of Spring (T)	Lehar Waltzes (L)
MEMPHIS (*Gage & Co.*)	Love Somebody (C)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Liebestraum (RCA)	Saint-Saens Third (C)
MINNEAPOLIS (*Don Leary's, Inc.*)	You Call Everybody (M)	Glenn Miller Album (RCA)	Jalousie (RCA)	Victor Herbert Music (C)
NASHVILLE (*MU Sound System*)	You Can't Be True (R)	Stan Kenton (Cap)	Jalousie (RCA)	Rhapsody in Blue (C)
NEW YORK (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	My Happiness (Da)	Manhattan Tower (D)	Et Incarnatus Est (HMV)	Ravel Concerto (RCA)
(*Dynamic Electronics*)	It's Magic (C)	Peggy Lee Album (Cap)	Bluebird (RCA)	Khatchaturian Violin Concerto (M)
(*Heins & Bolet*)	Maybe You'll Be There (D)	Desert Song (RCA)	Arabella Duet (HMV)	Rosenkavalier Suite (C)
(*Liberty Music Shops*)	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Songs of Auvergne (C)
(*Rabson's*)	Confess (C)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Jalousie (RCA)	Khatchaturian Violin Concerto (M)
NEW ORLEANS (*Van Husen Music Co.*)	Woody Woodpecker (Cap)	Previn Plays (RCA)	Why Do I Love You? (RCA)	Wagner Songs (RCA)
PHILADELPHIA (*Jacobs Bros.*)	12th Street Rag (Cap)	Paradine Case (Alco)	La Calunnia (C)	Ravel Concerto (RCA)
(*The Record Shop*)	Tree in the Meadows (Cap)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Rosenkavalier Suite (C)
PORTLAND, ORE. (*The Record Shop*)	Love Somebody (C)	Oklahoma! (D)	Jalousie (RCA)	Khatchaturian Violin Concerto (M)
(*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	Woody Woodpecker (C)	Emperor Waltz (D)	Sabre Dance (RCA)	Gayne Ballet (RCA)
ROCHESTER, N. Y. (*Esler's*)	William Tell (RCA)	Songs of Our Times (D)	Gypsy Baron (RCA)	Scheherezade (RCA)
ST. LOUIS (*Doubleday Book Shop*)	Woody Woodpecker (D)	Inside U. S. A. (RCA)	Clair de Lune (RCA)	Brahms Third (C)
SAN FRANCISCO (*Sherman Clay & Co.*)	Woody Woodpecker (Cap)	Jolson, Vol. III (D)	Fiddle-Faddle (RCA)	Music of Lecuona (RCA)
SEATTLE (*Hopper-Kelly Co.*)	Little White Lies (D)	Emperor Waltz (D)	Fiddle-Faddle (RCA)	Bolero (C)

Key: C—Columbia Cap—Capitol Cet—Cetra D—Decca Da—Damon HMV—His Master's Voice L—London M—Mercury R—Rondo RCA—Victor T—Telefunken

Leaders: A strong buying trend comparable to the "Nature Boy" or "Sabre Dance" booms of a few months ago is still absent. Among popular singles "Woody Woodpecker" maintains its lead, though by a lesser margin than last month. Decca's "Songs of Our Times" series (especially the 1932 album by Carmen Cavallero) retains its popularity, challenged by this same company's album from "The Emperor Waltz." "Jalousie," a perennial favorite in the classical single category, is back in the running with five stores reporting it as their No. 1 seller. In classical albums, the Khatchaturian Violin Concerto on the Mercury label is a new entry.

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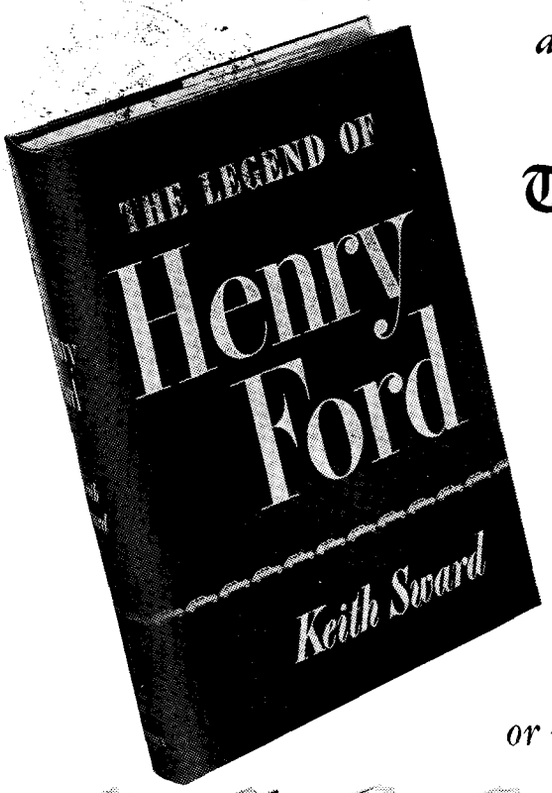

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by Keith Sward

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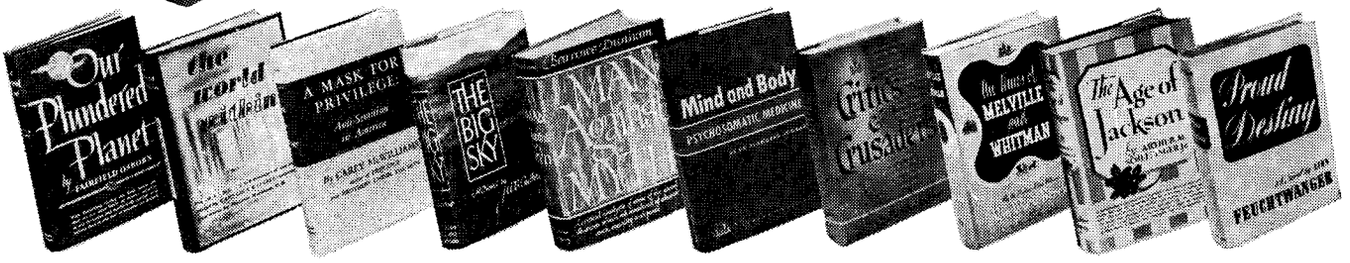

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